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TRAINING IN THE USE OF BOOKS*

It is my good fortune to have in my office in the Library of Congress a collection of books which recalls to me daily one of the great men of our country, a man whose memory is especially dear to Virginians, that most distinguished alumnus of the College of William and Mary, Thomas Jefferson. Mr. Jefferson spent much time and money in gathering a library. His efforts extended over many years. In a letter written in 1814 he described them as follows:—

. . . . You know my collection, its condition and extent. I have been fifty years making it, and have spared no pains, opportunity or expense, to make it what it is. While residing in Paris, I devoted every afternoon I was disengaged, for a summer or two in examining all the principal bookstores, turning over every book in my hand, and putting by every thing which related to America, and indeed whatever was rare and valuable in every science. Besides this, I had standing orders during the whole time I was in Europe, on its principal book-marts, particularly Amsterdam, Frankfort, Madrid, and London, for such works relating to America as could not be found in Paris. So that, in that department particularly, such a collection was made as probably can never again be effected, because it is hardly probable that the same opportunities, the same time, industry, perseverance and expense, with the same knowledge of the bibliography of the subject would again happen to be in concurrence. During the same period,

*An address delivered at the College of William and Mary.

and after my return to America, I was led to procure also whatever related to the duties of those in the high concerns of the nation. . . .

This collection gathered with so much pains by the former President was purchased by the Government in 1815, and became the nucleus of the present Library of Congress. The greater part of that library had been destroyed in the previous August, when the Capitol was burned by the British troops. For many years Mr. Jefferson's books formed the most useful and valuable portion of the collection, and even to-day certain of them are indispensable to investigators. The collection numbered about 7,000 volumes. The disastrous fire of 1851, which destroyed a large part of the library, proved especially destructive to Mr. Jefferson's books; less than 2,500 survived, and the wear and tear of ninety-five years has reduced this number to 2,000. These, carefully preserved as the "Jefferson Collection," remain a witness to the industry, learning, and zeal of the author of the Declaration of Independence.

But fortunately we are not left to infer from this—less than one third—the character of the remainder of the collection formed by Mr. Jefferson. Almost as soon as the books were put in place, a catalogue of them was issued by the Library. This catalogue was arranged in forty-four chapters, following the classification which Mr. Jefferson had himself devised, and which remained in effect, with some minor changes, to the end of the century. The library revealed by the catalogue of 1815 was undoubtedly one of the best in America at that day. It was strongest in law and in history, especially that of America, but it contained many valuable works and sets in philosophy, classical literature, theology, and belles-lettres. The books were of high character, and were mostly in good editions and sound bindings. When we reflect that it was bought largely in the midst of engrossing public duties, in time of war, and in great part under the disadvantage of remoteness from the book-markets of the old world, the marvel is that it was so good.

In 1815 there were but few libraries of any size, public or private, in the United States. This collection of only 7,000 volumes ranked high in numbers. Harvard college could boast some

16,000 in 1790; the New York Society Library, about 14,000; the Library Company and Logonian Library of Philadelphia, some 18,000; and the Library Society of Charleston, S. C., about 7,500. There may have been half a dozen other libraries of over 7,000 volumes scattered along the Atlantic seaboard. Private libraries numbering more than a few thousand books were rare, and Mr. Jefferson's collection was a very notable one for that day.

I say "for that day," since the increase in the number of libraries and in their size since 1815 has been little short of marvellous. There are to-day in the United States over 2,300 libraries having more than 8,000 volumes each. Their total numbers reach well over eighty-five millions of volumes, and eleven million pamphlets, while in the year 1908 nearly twenty millions of persons are recorded as having actually read and studied in their reading-rooms. Over seventy-five million books were issued for home use from only 1,384 of these 2,300. There are now over 10,000 persons employed in library work (including those charged with the care of buildings). Six libraries have more than 500,000 volumes; nine, more than 300,000 but less than half a million; and sixty-two, less than 300,000 but more than 100,000. Thus there are to-day in our land seventy-seven libraries, each one of which is more than fourteen times as large as was the Library of Congress when it started afresh with President Jefferson's collection in 1815. And that Library has grown from this original 7,000 to almost two million books and pamphlets, adding of late years over 100,000 volumes annually. Moreover, the number of small collections, school, office, village, college, professional libraries, collections which are not included in this somewhat wearisome array of figures, has increased, if not proportionately, at least very greatly. There must be available for use to a greater or less degree in this country at least sixty-five millions of books—a figure which still falls far short of one to each inhabitant.

Moreover, the production of books and of magazines has increased in about the same proportions. Newspapers are probably no more numerous in proportion to the population than they were in the second decade of the nineteenth century, for most of the publishing activity of that day was shown in journal-

ism. We have no reliable figures for the publication of books and pamphlets in that period of our history. The great scholarly bibliographies have dealt largely with the colonial period, and the bulky trade bibliographies begin much later. In the midst of the War of 1812 and the impoverished condition which preceded and followed it, the publication of books was probably small. Moreover, it is, of course, a commonplace of history that the United States was almost wholly an agricultural country in 1815; and in communities devoted largely to farming, book publishing does not ordinarily flourish as it does in an industrial society. A few hundred books, perhaps a thousand or more pamphlets, probably made up the annual output of this country in 1815. In Europe the number was, of course, very much greater, although the period of the Napoleonic Wars was not favorable to extensive publishing.

Contrast this meagre production with what has been aptly termed "our literary deluge." In 1910 there were published in the United States 13,470 books, by 2,217 publishing firms. This number does not include "directories and similar publications, official publications (with a very few exceptions), or minor pamphlets." Thus all but a few dozens of the thousands of publications of the national, state, and municipal governments are not counted in these figures, nor are the hosts of catalogues of schools and colleges and many valuable publications of societies, such as year-books, annuals, bulletins, and journals, all of them materials of some worth, which are certain to find a resting place on library shelves. No account is taken in arriving at this number, 13,470, by the *Publishers' Weekly*, of the extensive magazine output of the country, nor of the huge number of newspapers of all sorts. Therefore the formidable array of nearly fourteen thousand books produced in the United States in one year is far from being the whole number which is to be reckoned with.

Great Britain produced, in 1910, 10,804 works; Germany, about 31,000; France, 12,615, and Italy, 6,788. The Scandinavian countries, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Greece, and Turkey must have published among

them at least twice as many as Italy, one would suppose, while Australia, South Africa, and India will easily bring the total up to 85,000 works in European languages—not including the literary product of the great Slavic nations. This makes no account of the very considerable annual output of books in the Orient and in South America. We shall not be far wrong if we say that at the very least 100,000 books are printed each year, any one of which may perhaps be called for by a reader in one of our great libraries.

This is a deluge indeed. What a contrast to the conditions of Mr. Jefferson's day. Then the well-read man of letters or affairs, undisturbed by telegrams, cables, newspaper extras, telephone calls, ticket bulletins, automobile honks, next month's magazines, or "red-hot" fiction, could sit down to a leisurely perusal of the books his agent had sent him from Philadelphia or London, could re-read the classics, could keep abreast of the best thought of the day with reasonable success, and could master the contents of a library of 7,000 volumes with the comfortable assurance that he had read the majority of the best works of the world of letters.

That day has passed. The scholar of to-day is ever fearful lest he shall have missed the latest treatise on his little specialty, which yet, despite its limitations, has a literature of its own. The average man of intelligence is well-nigh helpless before the mass of books in even a minor library. The craze for the "latest" novel, the most "up-to-date" reference book, is the characteristic note of the present demand for books. How, in the face of this flood, shall the young man of our day find his bearings; how shall he ride the flood a master; by virtue of what training shall he make it serve him, carry him to his goal, aid him in his life work? How shall he avoid being overwhelmed by numbers, misled by cheap newness, misguided by advertising, and lost in a wilderness of printed matter when he essays to work in a modern library or to attempt the mastery of any important question? This is my theme: *training in the use of books*, the acquiring of a scholar's attitude toward the printed page. Its timeliness is proven by every library bulletin, every publisher's announcement, by the experience of every teacher,

and, I fear I must add, by the painful witness of much incompetent and careless journalism, and the enormous profits of the publishers of cheaply made subscription books.

How that training may be obtained, and where it shall begin, I shall endeavor to set forth briefly, in the hope that such a theme cannot fail to be of interest to all connected with education.

We may begin with the child in school. Now certain elementary facts about books one naturally supposes everybody observes and knows. And yet experience shows that most school children—and many of their elders, for that matter—are seldom acquainted with the basic fact that a book has an author. To them a book is a book; their arithmetic is their arithmetic book; not Robinson's, or Smith's, or Wentworth's, or anybody else's arithmetic. Nobody ever points out to them the fact that their text-book was written by anyone, and they usually know it by the color or by the name of the teacher in whose class they used it. This curious ignorance on the part of school children was first brought to my notice years ago, when examining orally a large number of candidates for entrance to a college and to its preparatory department. Out of nearly a hundred young people ranging from twelve to twenty, not one was able to tell us the names of the writers of *all* the text-books he had used during the previous term, and few, very few, knew the names of any of the authors. The answers were so extremely vague in most cases as to lead me—in my inexperience—to doubt seriously whether there had been any actual study of the various subjects. "We had the same grammar everybody uses;" "The English history was a little green book," was the kind of reply my questioning elicited. And yet these same young folk did well in their classes, and gave evidence of having really worked at the matter of these books concerning whose makers they had so little knowledge. Perhaps the matter *is* the all-important thing, but the poor author who gave it form—I speak for all makers of text-book—deserves the reward of at least a bowing acquaintance. And the indifference to the author in the school days is too frequently carried over into later life. It is an indifference fostered by

the anonymous journalism of the day, whose remote results are seen in part in the greedy devouring in our great circulating libraries of any trash that is called a novel. Perhaps the irresponsibility of school children as respects their author and his work was never better shown than by an incident which has always stood in my mind as the finest example of ineffective teaching I have met with. A young girl of my acquaintance, on being asked in what grade she was in school, said she was in the third year of the high school. "Then you have been reading Cicero's Orations against Catiline?" "Well," was the meditative answer, "we *have* been reading somebody's orations about Catiline; I guess they were Cicero's, but whether they were *for* or *against* Catiline, I don't remember."

If the author deserves to be known to his readers, the title of his book likewise claims a certain attention. Doubtless it is a less important detail than the other, but nevertheless not wholly negligible. Here again the child in school generally receives small aid and comfort from his teacher. The beginning of a proper training in the use of books comes when children are taught that books are written by people, have a definite name, and frequently appear in different forms. We hear much in pedagogic circles of training in observation. That observation may well begin with such elementary details as these.

Any librarian will testify that titles are more frequently remembered than authors, but that they are seldom remembered correctly. The girl who demands the red book her sister had last month is sometimes less puzzling than the woman who calls insistently for the book entitled: *For Better or For Worse*, finally going off contented with Miss Johnston's *To Have and to Hold*, remarking complacently that she knew it was something out of the marriage service.

It is not too much to expect that school children may have it pointed out by someone that a book generally has a table of contents and an index. I wonder how many teachers ever do this? How frequently do we find children helplessly turning the pages, looking in vain for some half-forgotten passage! Makers of text-books generally provide indexes and tables,

and presumably teachers use them, but too seldom are children systematically taught the necessity and use of these keys to the contents of a book.

If we can secure some such early training in observing and understanding the primal factors in the make-up of a book, we may surely demand also of teachers some sort of instruction in elementary discrimination between books. Books are not like bricks, or bales of cotton, or bolts of cloth—a fundamental fact which is not always clear to business men in estimating the cost of handling and buying them. Each book is a separate entity—a mass of paper, to be sure, on which there are certain impressions in ink, but much more than that, the physical expression of someone's thought. Now if the child has learned that some man or woman wrote his text-book, he has grasped the prime element in discriminating between books. Given one man's work, he may be aware that another man has done the same sort of thing. Hence the necessity of knowing how well each has done it, in order to make a choice. But while the selection of books is perhaps too serious a matter to enter into this primary training in the use of books, the knowledge of what field or parts of a field different books cover, is not. Moreover, this knowledge—derived, of course, from a study of the table of contents; for one seems naturally to come back always to the elements—is of extreme practical importance. The sooner a boy learns that not all American histories come down to the year 1912, and that there are numerous histories devoted to small periods of time, the better for him. That the author has a plan and purpose in writing, and that two books apparently on the same topic may be written from absolutely different points of view and for different ends, he will discover, if only he is made to read prefaces and introductions. If a child once fairly enters into the idea that an author writes for a particular class—as for children; or for a particular purpose, as in a purely outline or elementary history; or from a motive of his own, as a defence of his own conduct or the exposition of a theory,—he has begun to discriminate between books. When he has once begun, he will not be likely to cease. And he will, by virtue of this training, be in the way to acquire an intelligent attitude

toward books, a knowledge that they are made by people who differ in gifts and in purpose, in ability and in design. Moreover, he will not be led into the very common error of assuming that a well-known book is necessarily the book he wants. It is a fact to which all librarians will bear witness that the average man who wants to know something in English history asks for Macaulay's History, in entire ignorance of the fact that it is devoted largely to the reign of James II. So Gibbon is asked for by persons who wish to know something about the Gracchi, and Carlyle's *French Revolution* for the later career of Napoleon. Such elementary training as that which I have urged would do away with this kind of error.

The use of elementary books of reference is more common in schools than is this training in observation. No school room beyond the sixth grade is complete without a dictionary and an atlas. But very few teachers realize what a wealth of information is contained in a modern dictionary, or train their pupils to find it. I may safely say also that they fail to train them so well and thoroughly in the order of the alphabet that it becomes second-nature to them—a key to arrangement of all sorts of books and catalogues, which they will need to use all their lives. I know I am on forbidden ground here, and that it is unfashionable in these days to teach the alphabet. But I am thankful that I “learned my letters” when a child. I do not insist on that process as a preliminary to learning to read—but very soon after a child has learned to read, he should be drilled in the alphabet as a set of symbols. When he has learned this, he is ready to use a dictionary or an encyclopædia. Now the wonders of a modern unabridged dictionary are not revealed to the casual observer. But they are a constant source of delight to children—I speak from experience—and of information to the teacher. A little training here will reveal to a bright child possibilities of which he will be eager to take advantage later. And how few children are *trained* to use by way of quick consultation their atlases or the maps in their geographies. Here is a fertile field for ingenuity and resources on the part of teachers. I find very few grown people who use atlases with speed and certainty. Usually an uncertain finger wanders

over the map in search of the name of the desired place. The letters and figures in the margin, the indexes, the table of contents, they ignore. And yet how simple are these devices. They are so easily used that children when once introduced to their meaning make a game of locating a town, a river, a county.

This elementary sort of training can reasonably be expected of all pupils who complete the primary course. The ordinary text-book, the dictionary, the atlas, are all the vehicles, all the apparatus required for conveying it. There is no need of an elaborate library or much formal training, and yet the results of the teacher's occasional direction and careful supervision will show later all the difference between a blind following of a set of printed formulas, and a discriminating and intelligent attitude toward a book.

One serious difficulty should be recognized at this point. With young pupils only confusion is likely to result from too great a divergence from a text-book on the part of the teacher. That blind reverence for the printed page which it is our purpose to destroy will cause children to lose confidence in a teacher who puts herself in opposition to the book too often. All teachers of young children know this, and govern themselves accordingly. The literalness of the child mind we all recognize. I well remember a boy who came to me in great distress because he had found that Cæsar didn't know Latin grammar. He had found in his text a violation of one of the plainest rules in Allen & Greenough. I think he never had any confidence in me after my explanation that there were exceptions to all rules, and that Cæsar knew more about Latin than the distinguished professors who made the grammar, or the boy who was studying it, and moreover had written a Latin grammar himself.

Not all children who reach our secondary schools find in them good school libraries. We have been slow to realize the need of a school library in the curriculum of the high school, and the importance of its function in the scheme of secondary education. And even where books have been provided generously, there has been but little appreciation of the possibilities of training which are latent in even a small collection. Too often

the care of the high school library has been an added burden placed on an already heavily-taxed teacher, or has been left to the ignorant enthusiasm of some bright pupil. Within the past twenty years many of our larger cities have been appointing librarians for the high school libraries. Moreover, in a few places these librarians have become what they should all be, teachers of the art of using books. Slowly, under the influence of some of our state library commissions, and of some enlightened high school principals, teachers and school authorities are beginning to see that the school library affords throughout life a basis for learning how to use books in collections. Not alone is this knowledge absolutely needed as an aid to modern instruction in literature, history, and science, but it is even more valuable as furnishing the means whereby pupils may become adepts in the use of libraries, an art which has been won by most of us through hard knocks, but which can be taught very simply and effectively. Let us not forget the necessity for that art in modern life, the flood of books with which the pupil will have to struggle later. In the secondary school he can and should learn the elements of dealing with books in libraries, and when he comes to college he should not be helpless, but happy in the opportunity to make quick and efficient use of a library of fifty, one hundred, or even five hundred thousand volumes.

He should learn by formal instruction of the high school librarian—instruction which, to my knowledge, is now given with great success in a dozen schools—that books have to be arranged or classified on some sort of a system. Usually they are grouped on the principle of likeness—those treating of the same theme being placed together. If he once grasps that idea and its corollary—that as one book can go only in one place, it must be placed with those books which it most resembles—he will quickly understand classification notations, and will not be baffled by figures, letters, or decimal points. He should also learn the use of a simple catalogue on cards, and should master the principle of alphabetical arrangement. If a boy knows how to use the card catalogue of a high school library, there is no reason why he cannot use easily any other catalogue, even so huge a thing as the card catalogue of the Library of Congress

with its two thousand trays and its hundreds of thousands of entries.

In the secondary school also the pupils can easily learn the use of the indexes to magazines. Few tools are more helpful than *Poole's Index* and the *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature*. There is no reason why they should not be known to all high school students, even although the greater part of the volumes indexed are not in the school or town library.

When he is ready for college, therefore, a young man may reasonably be supposed to have an elementary equipment in the use of books, if only his teachers have deliberately tried to give it to him. No extensive apparatus, no costly library, no great amount of time are needed. Careful and tactful teaching of the habit of using books as tools; an intelligent direction of the pupil's attitude toward the books he has at hand; the fullest possible use of the school library under competent guidance—these are all that a training in the use of books demands as a beginning. It is easy to estimate the advantage which a student thus equipped has over one who has known books merely as printed matter containing certain information which he has more or less reluctantly acquired, and whose ability to use books in collections is absolutely a negative quantity.

It is a stock complaint against our modern colleges that they do not acquaint students with the great literatures of the world. Education for culture is said not to exist, or at least not to succeed. Whatever measure of truth may be found in this contention, it may be worth while to point out that the old-fashioned college course of four years, rigid and arid as it was, failed even more completely than that of to-day to introduce students either to the great literatures of Greece and Rome—small samples of which were minutely and painfully dissected daily—or to those of the modern languages. In few cases in the earlier two-thirds of the nineteenth century was the routine of text-book recitation or formal lecture abandoned in favor of a wide comparison of authorities or an independent study of the literature of a period. If I do not read amiss educational history and the reminiscences of our fathers, the old-fashioned college course was certainly not that "good old time" to which

educational reformers would hark back. Certainly no young man in any American college had an opportunity to study in the forties, or even in the sixties, such topics as the Romantic Movement in German literature, the French Chansons de Geste, or the Greek dialectic poets, topics which appear in catalogues as sample elective courses in colleges of no great size or extraordinary resources.

We should be far wrong, however, did we infer that the old-fashioned college with its small faculty, its rigid curriculum, its hard and fast class lines, failed to foster a love for literature and reading. There was more leisure for reading, both on the part of students and faculty. There was almost without exception an abundance of life in the literary and debating societies—organizations which are not everywhere vigorous to-day. Athletics did not absorb so much of the energy of the student-body, and it is probably true that there was more reading on individual initiative than there is to-day, when formal instruction is found in so much wider a range of subjects, even in the smallest colleges.

In fact, the modern college and university have bred a peculiar attitude toward books on the part of students. Certain books are required to be read for entrance in English—books which are the birthright of all who speak the English tongue. And many a lad reads and cons notes on *Quentin Durward*, or *Ivanhoe*, or the *Princess*, in about the spirit in which boys read the immortal commentaries of Julius Cæsar. "Collateral reading" has been run so hard that books to be used in a certain course have become merely an adjunct—Professor So-and-so's books—and are even less than a text-book in the eyes of the student. Worse than that, the seminar and departmental libraries have had too frequently a deleterious influence on the advanced student. No other books interest him—if they are not in the seminar library, they are not worth while. Instead of broadening his range of knowledge, this very convenient grouping of certain books as tools, tends to restrict it. Lest I may seem to exaggerate, I will illustrate by an anecdote which came under my observation. A certain very distinguished professor in one of our largest universities by some unusual chance wandered so far from

his seminar that he came on the general card catalogue of the university library. "How convenient and admirable a thing this catalogue is," said he, after half an hour's study of it; "I must have it copied for the economics seminar."

There results too frequently, from this and other influences, an attitude of indifference toward the college library on the part of students. I have watched students who came every day for weeks to read certain required books, and have never seen them read anything else—doubtless it was true that they had not the time. I have seen the graduate student stick to the seminar until it grew to represent the world of letters to him. I have regretfully noted the presence in laboratories of students of the sciences for hours every day—hours so long that they never had a glimpse of any cultural reading. And—I fear I must say it—*horribile dictu!*—I have known boys who passed an entire four years in a college with 350,000 books in its library, and who in those four years never entered its doors.

Now a large part of this indifference is the result of at least two factors: the lack of the sort of training in the secondary schools which I have been emphasizing, and the almost criminal indifference on the part of college and university authorities, including their librarians, I fear—toward the development of cultural reading and the sense of mastery of books. Plunge an untrained boy into a library of thirty, fifty, or hundred thousand books—how is he to pick and choose, how shall he get his start? He needs formal instruction in the rudiments, nay, even in the refinements, of bibliography. In the German universities the professor usually lectures at the beginning of each course on the bibliography of the subject he is about to discuss before the class during the semester. Those lectures are generally the most highly prized and faithfully attended of the course. The custom has had some notable imitators in America, and I have always been profoundly grateful that most of my professors at Michigan followed this practice as a matter of course. Within the past few years Princeton has been going much further in the work of her "preceptors." Here and there a college librarian has with more or less success given lectures on the use of the library and

on bibliography. If we will consider the literary deluge of the day, the ever growing number of books in our college libraries, we shall perceive the positive necessity for methods differing alike from the indifference and the ways of the past.

To go into details of those methods would be unprofitable here. They have never been worked out with more than fair success, but I think I may say that college librarians and college professors alike are earnestly studying them; are experimenting, and testing ways and means. The college library must deliberately spend thought and money in advertising its wares, and must interpose as few obstacles as possible between its books and its readers.

What should result from such a bibliographic training? How should a young man, equipped as we would have him, face the library and the out-pourings of the press? He should, it seems to me, show first a certain readiness and ease among books; he should treat them all as at least distant acquaintances who may become friends any day. He does not know them, perhaps, but he knows where they live and why they live there, and what they purport to do for a living; and he is not any more surprised than he is with people to learn that some are existing largely on their past reputation; others are leading a double life, and a few are not too reliable or no better than they should be. Secondly, he should know well and familiarly those directories and those élite lists, social registers if you please, of the world of letters—which tell him both where anybody may be found, or where the best books of any sort dwell. He should—to drop our metaphor—use easily bibliographic tools of all sorts from the simple check list to the erudite works of Fabricius and Poggendorf. And he should *know* the literature of his own subject more than fairly well. Only thus will he become possessed of the historic sense and of the man's attitude toward the printed page. He will realize that books are but imperfect media of arriving at knowledge after all, and that he must put himself into them if he is to profit by them. He will need little assistance from librarians, but will not hesitate to ask questions when he needs help.

Of greater value than any facility in the use of catalogues, bibliographies, and indexes, will be the ability to judge of the

comparative merits of books both new and old. If he has learned to read the great reviews, to appreciate to some extent the personal equations of authors, publishers, and reviewers,—not omitting a suspicion of the power of advertising, even in scientific subjects—if he has acquired some criteria for forming judgments of his own, he has gained from the college library, from the college professor, from his fellow students, (especially in debate), from his earlier training, an attitude toward books which defies definition, but which may perhaps be best termed *discriminating*. Such a man cannot be “dated” in later life by the opinions and views of his day in college. He is equipped to cope both with books, and, to a lesser degree, with men.

But highly as I rate the power to work easily and familiarly with books in collections, I am not unaware that there lurk certain serious dangers in this very familiarity and facility. It is the peculiar vice of librarians—even more characteristic than their propensity to talk shop—that as they know intimately the backs of so many books, they are likely to persuade themselves that they know their contents as well. The temptation is subtle and powerful, and its operations are not confined to the custodian of books. Let no one deceive himself into thinking that because he knows the royal road to learning, its guide posts, its directories, its ins and outs, the various vehicles that carry men on it, he is necessary travelling thereon himself. There is no virtue and no praise in this knowledge, if it is not applied to help either oneself or another to actual progress.

No one is really trained in the use of books who has not made himself master of a few books. His facility in the use of many books should and must leave him the leisure which is needful to absorb certain great works, to read himself into them, to make them part of his very being. What these books should be is not a matter for dogmatism. One man will feed his soul on Shakespeare, and another on Newton's *Principia*. But certain works should become a part of the very nature of every man of our race, whatever his profession, who dares call himself educated. The English Bible is still the greatest work in the English tongue. The youth who reaches maturity without

a thorough knowledge of its wonderful prose and poetry, and its message of personal religion and of duty toward God and man, has missed the greatest intellectual and moral training the language affords. I care not how he interprets it. Let him *know* the Bible from cover to cover, and consider his own relation to it what he will.

There are other English books, too, which no man can afford not to know, and know intimately. Shakespeare and Milton among the poets; Bacon and Addison and Emerson among essayists; Green, Macaulay, and Parkman among the historians, are but a few of the names which suggest themselves at once. And who dares affirm himself wholly ignorant of Homer and Vergil, of Dante, and of Goethe and Schiller, of Cervantes and of Montaigne? The man who has not as a boy devoted himself to the reading and re-reading of at least a few of the world's great books is but poorly prepared to cope with the literary deluge of our day or with the plausible sophistries of the time. He has necessarily a low standard of literary judgment. He has sold his birthright of noble books for a mess of pottage whose chief ingredients are Sunday newspapers and illustrated weeklies.

With this caution, this admonition to think on the high things of the world of letters, I reach my conclusion. He that is faithful to the mastering of a few great books will use easily the tools provided for handling the lesser books. Secure in the possession of some works which the ages have tested, he will welcome the good in the mass of new books, will make the indifferent, or even the bad, serve his need without lowering himself to its level, will show his training in the use of books not alone in the ease with which he masters bookish problems or acquires information, but much more in the character of his thinking and in the standard of his judgments.

WILLIAM WARNER BISHOP.

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CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM OF CARLYLE'S *FRENCH REVOLUTION**

Carlyle's literary career began in the *Edinburgh Review*, under Jeffrey, with an essay on Jean Paul Richter. This was followed, on the same friendly patron's suggestion, by essays on other German topics, and by translations of German romances. Carlyle first became known, therefore, as an interpreter of German literature, and particularly as a disciple of Richter. In the form of books, he gave to the world first the *Life of Schiller*, which received the high praise of Goethe—than which no praise could have been more acceptable to the young author. *Sartor Resartus* followed, first in America and, three years later, in England. Its original publication in *Fraser's Magazine* was stopped because of the protests of patrons, and its republication in book form in England was, for the time, out of the question. This remarkable production was eyed askance and little noticed in the public press. It assuredly contributed nothing to Carlyle's good fortune. The *French Revolution* was his first book to give him real distinction as an author. It is my purpose here to show how that work was first received by the reviewers.

The book began as early as 1833 to occupy Carlyle's mind, as his letters of that year inform us. For the next three years, until its appearance early in 1837; we hear of it much in his correspondence with his brothers, his mother, and with Emerson. We are indeed kept well informed as to its progress, its difficulties, and its fortunes: for not the least interesting event of its history befell it while it was in the manuscript stage. The story of John Stuart Mill's mishap with the first volume is possibly as well known as any of a similar kind in literary history—largely, no doubt, because of Carlyle's own vivid telling of it, and Mrs. Carlyle's too. But the loss having been heroically repaired, the work was finally, through many agonies, brought to completion,

* *The French Revolution*, by Thomas Carlyle. In three volumes. London: Fraser, 1837. Republished, Boston: Little & Brown, 1838. Second edition, 1839. Price of first edition, £1. 11s. 6d.

at ten o'clock at night, January the 12th, 1837. It appeared from the press early in May, 1837. We may first hear the author's judgment upon his own work—we shall find none more interesting, none more just and instructive. In a letter to Sterling, January 17, 1837, he writes:—

The Bookseller has it, and the Printer has it; I expect the first sheet tomorrow: in not many weeks more, I can hope to wash my hands of it forever and a day. It is a thing disgusting to me by the faults of it; the merits of which, for it is not without merits, will not be seen for a long time. It is a wild savage Book, itself a kind of French Revolution; which perhaps, if Providence have so ordered it, the world had better *not* accept when offered it? With all my heart! What I do know of it is that it has come hot out of my own soul; born in blackness, whirlwind and sorrow; that no man, for a long while, has stood speaking so completely alone under the Eternal Azure, in the character of man only; or is likely for a long while so to stand: finally that it has come as near to choking the life out of me as any task I should like to undertake for some years to come; which also is an immense comfort, indeed the greatest of all.¹

Carlyle's judgment upon his own work is always interesting; upon this early work it is especially so. Here we have a thoroughly Carlylese description of it: "born in blackness, whirlwind and sorrow"; and "what I do know is that it has come hot out of my own soul." In February, 1837, he writes to his brother, Dr. Carlyle, then in Rome, in a similar strain:—

I find on 'a general view' that the Book is one of the *savagest* written for several centuries: it is a Book written by a *wild man*, a man disunited from the fellowship of the world he lives in; looking King and beggar in the face with an indifference of brotherhood, an indifference of contempt,—that is really very extraordinary in a respectable country. The critic of a respectable nature cannot but be loud; *falls er nicht schweigt*, which really I shall be well content that he do. But I think he will not. In that case,

¹*New Letters of Thomas Carlyle*, edited and annotated by Alexander Carlyle, with illustrations. In two volumes. London and New York, 1904 Vol. I, p. 50.

I will grant him free scope : there is no word in his belly harder than the word *it* utters, by implication or directly, about him and his.²

Here the author is humorously fancying the mystification it will produce in the critic's brain. He fully anticipates an outcry, if not a shriek, from respectability. He was not to be disappointed, as we shall see. April the 28th, 1837, the author writes to his mother :—

The printing is entirely done ; I suppose the Book will be out before many days.³

The 22nd of September he writes :—

They make a great talk about the Book ; which seems to have succeeded in a far higher degree than I looked for. I have not got to Fraser yet to hear what his report is ; but everybody is astonished at every other body's being pleased with this wonderful performance !⁴

A second edition was not needed until 1846, but in 1847 a third edition followed. We shall now see what the critical journals that took notice of the book had to say of it.

The *Athenæum*, May 20, 1837, contained a six-column review that may be taken as fairly representing the exasperation which the style of the work produced in the minds of the respectable critics alluded to by Carlyle, as quoted above. The writer begins in the following strain :—

Originality of thought is unquestionably the best excuse for writing a book ; originality of style is a rare and a refreshing quality ; but it is paying rather dear for one's whistle to qualify for obtaining it in the university of Bedlam. Originality, without justness of thought, is but novelty of error ; and originality of style, without sound taste and discretion, is sheer affectation.

After a column of such disquisition on thought and style in general, the foregone application to the book announced for review

²Ibid, pp. 55-6.

³Ibid, p. 74.

⁴Ibid, p. 79.

is made. The author's contributions to periodical literature, the writer affirms, had already made him known as an essayist who had an unusual fondness for oddities of style, "but," he continues, "it is one thing to put forth a few pieces of quaintness, neologism, and a whimsical coxcombry; and another, to carry such questionable qualities through three long volumes of misplaced persiflage and flippant pseudo-philosophy." The critic cannot find language with which to express adequately his disapprobation of the peculiarities and whimsicalities of style of the book before him. He might be able to endure these mannerisms if they occurred in something like moderation, but there is "a transcendental excess" of them, they go to a pitch of extravagance and absurdity which he finds intolerable. He judges the author to have made "an attempt to engraft the idiom of Germany into the King's English, and to transfuse the vague verbiage and affected sentimentality of a sect of Germans into our simple and intelligible philosophy." This is deemed to be nothing less than treason, and wanton crime.

The critic having done his duty by the author's style, concedes that the book is not altogether bad; there are "many finely conceived passages, and many just and vigorous reflections." "Amidst an all-pervading absurdity of mannerism, there are passages of great power, and occasionally of splendid though impure eloquence." All this reads exceedingly like the criticisms of Browning's earlier productions. But the critic of the *Athenæum* was far more lenient toward *Paracelsus* than toward the *French Revolution*, though he was equally perplexed by the defacing mannerisms and the wilful obscurities of the two great productions.

The *Literary Gazette*, May 27, 1837, began its review with the following expression of dumbfoundedness such as Carlyle expected from the critic of a respectable nature:—

Of this strange work we hardly know how to speak. To treat of it seriously is impracticable; and yet there are portions of it of such an order, that we find it equally impossible to laugh at it. Caricaturing the worst manner of the worst part of the worst German school, Mr. Carlyle out-

Richters Ritcher, and robs Paul to the last farthing without satisfying Peter, or any body else, with the plunder. He calls his performance *The French Revolution*; but it is more than that: it is a triple revolution:—1st, allowing the French Revolution to be *one*; 2nd, there is the Revolution of Mr. Carlyle, *two*; and 3rd, the Revolution of the English Language, *three*!

This respectable critic is more than nonplussed; his moral sensibilities are shocked. The author gloats over suffering, mocks at the ruin of social institutions, it is all a "sad trifling" with scenes of destruction and horror. It is "revolting to taste and feeling": "the very titles of his chapters are like grinning and hideous laughs at mortality and mortal sufferings." Furthermore, it is no history, through the perversity of the writer, but only "rhapsodical snatches."

After this general condemnation, extended passages are quoted, with the capitalization and punctuation of the original retained, the writer notes, for special disapproval. Then the reviewer concludes with this paragraph:—

Classical absurdities; multitudes of new-coined words; and concocted phrases; illustrations which darken, and expositions which perplex; and a hundred other bewildering follies crush the sense of this work in every page. It is only a literary curiosity, and rather a tiresome one.

Fraser's Magazine, as was to be expected, contained a most favorable review (July, 1837). *Sartor Resartus* had appeared, in part at least, in its columns, and on the whole its editor recognized the merits of Carlyle as a new force in literature. His review of the *French Revolution* was elaborate and masterful. Of course he had to guard against the suspicion of championing a contributor and of endeavoring to "write up" a book published by the house. It is in the writer's method of preventing such a possible suspicion that the masterfulness of the article displays itself. For he sets himself at first to understand and explain Carlyle. It is some time, several pages, before the book itself is reached, and when it is reached we still have no eulogium. Commendation is rather implied than asserted. But at length, on the tenth page of the review, the book is made a

touchstone of the minds that undertake its perusal. On this matter the reviewer thus expresses himself:—

And we would say, that every man who fails to understand and appreciate this book (We write with a consciousness of all the difficulties that belong to its peculiar style), gives evidence in such failure of a want of discipline, both intellectual and moral; without which no history, of any kind, is suitable reading for him. We write advisedly, and in sober seriousness; and solemnly, earnestly, and with tender regard for his welfare here and hereafter—whether he be critic or simply one of the town, in or out of the *Literary Gazette* or *Athenæum*—we apply this book as a test, whereby his intellectual and moral quality shall be gauged, and its amount accurately determined.

The character of the work is clearly discerned by the writer and is set forth as follows:—

Consider that the earliest historians were poets; and deprive them of their rhymes, and you have the kind of historian—the prose poet, so to speak, which Mr. Carlyle was desirous of becoming. As Immanuel Kant's philosophe was called critical, this history of Thomas Carlyle's may by termed æsthetical.

Such being the idea of the composition; in its realization you find the author not dealing in dissertations and carefully selected narratives, but you are at once thrown dramatically, or epically, into the midst of things,—and groups of character rise up chronologically, as they appeared on the stage of real life,—not accompanied with a written character labelled on their breasts, but speaking, acting, and evolving individual character in speech and action.

The article concludes, after twenty-five pages of analysis and interpretation, with this defense of the style:—

When excellencies like these abound, the reader will forgive the author's Latinity and inversion of words in some of his sentences, which has been considered, but erroneously and absurdly to be a German-English style of composition. It is simply a reflex of the writer's modes of thought, and the result of a studied concision, adopted expressly for concentrating the sense upon an emphatic word, so placed, as to compel the reader to pause in its enunciation, and weigh its whole import and signification.

This critic is solitary in the view which he here expresses of the style, but is he wrong? The truth is generally found in a compromise.

The *Westminster Review* has an article which occupies pp. 17-53 of its July number, 1837, commending the work in terms of the highest admiration. The writer, who signs himself "A," begins thus:—

This is not so much a history, as an epic poem; and notwithstanding or even in consequence of this, the truest of histories. It is the history of the French Revolution, and the poetry of it, both in one; and on the whole no work of greater genius, either historical or poetical has been produced in this country for many years.

Opinion, the writer predicts, will be very much divided on the book for some time, and the dominant talk about it will be temporarily disparaging: this because of its "distinguished originality." But "the suffrages of a large portion of the very best qualified judges will be given, even enthusiastically, in favor of the volumes." The style of writing, however, is condemned. Some of its peculiarities are "mere mannerisms," and its phraseology is borrowed in a measure "from the spiritualist school of German poets and metaphysicians." The transcendentalism of the book, its "dicta about the mystery and infinitude which are in the universe and in man," are likely to be stumbling-blocks to many readers. Nevertheless, even in style the author is incomparably superior to the favorite historians. In his mode of presentation he is classed rather with Schiller and Shakespeare than with Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon. On the character of his work two quotations will indicate the reviewer's judgment:—

Mr. Carlyle has been the first to show that all which is done for history by the best historical play, by Schiller's *Wallenstein*, for example, or Vitet's admirable trilogy, may be done in a strictly true narrative, in which every incident rests on irrefragable authority; may be done, by means merely of an apt selection and a judicious grouping of authentic facts.

And again, speaking of the author's power to make dim historical figures real, breathing, acting personages:—

This quality, so often pointed out as distinctive of Shakespeare's plays, distinguishes Mr. Carlyle's history. Never before did we take up a book calling itself by that name, a book treating of past times, and professing to be true, and find ourselves actually among human beings. We at once felt, that what had been to us mere abstractions, had become realities; the forms of 'things unknown,' which we fancied we knew, but knew their names merely, were, for the first time, with most startling effect, 'bodied forth and turned into shape.' Other historians talk to us indeed of human beings; but what do they place before us?

But this imaginative power is not the author's only remarkable gift. He has, what rarely goes with the poetic temperament, a gift, so to speak, for drudgery. "A more pains-taking or accurate investigator of facts and sifter of testimonies," says the reviewer, "never wielded the historical pen."

The writer's summary regarding author and book stands thus:—

Thus endowed, and having a theme the most replete with every kind of human interest, epic, tragic, elegiac, even comical and farcical, which history affords, and so near to us withal, that the authentic details of it are still attainable; need it be said, that he has produced a work which deserves to be memorable? a work which, whatever may be its immediate reception, 'will not willingly be let die'; whose reputation will be a growing reputation, its influence rapidly felt, for it will be read by the writers; and perhaps every historical work of any note, which shall hereafter be written in this country, will be different from what it would have been if this book were not.

The *Literary Examiner*, September 17, 1837, speaks of the work in a way similar to that of the *Westminster Review*. The writer evidently was not one of the "respectable" class. He begins thus: "This is one of the few books of our time that are likely to live for some generations beyond it." The writer then describes its probable reception, predicting that it will be very much let alone for several years, but that it will finally establish itself. Then follows a characterization of the work which reveals

a clear comprehension of its true nature, a judgment agreeing on the whole with the accepted one at the present time:—

Mr. Carlyle has, in these volumes, written a book of unquestionable originality and genius. It is a book conceived in the Epic spirit, and written from the innermost heart of the writer. Everything in it is fresh and real, and it has all the fervor, exaltation, and impressiveness of poetry.

Carlyle himself, as we have seen, said that his book had 'come hot out of his own soul.' The reviewer had discerned that fact. The imaginative power of the author is recognized in the following sentences: "We are placed by him in the minds and situations of the actors and sufferers in the French Revolution." This is very different from "sad trifling"! The optimism of the book receives full justice; ethical force and philosophical soundness are ascribed to it. As regards the style the reviewer thus writes:—

It is not to be forgotten that this is a history of a very different type from any that has yet been attempted in our language and in which the usually approved style of historical narrative, the nervous simplicity of Hume, or the gorgeous march of Gibbon, would have been, not to say misplaced, but actually impossible of application. Every original thing must speak its own language. Consider the work as much a poem as a history, and the singular groupings and inversions of words will no longer seem singular—consider it as an intense outpouring of the heart of a great thinker made in the manner of a soliloquy as of one thinking aloud—do anything that will reconcile you to a style which is at first very strange and unusual—reckon it worth some labor, and be content to make some sacrifice of leisure and of taste—rather than throw down one of the most remarkable books of our age in an ignorant, short-sighted, and despicable disgust.

It is true the critic would have the style altered in places, especially where quiet narrative is required, but in the major portion of the book he would not change a word.

It is the very language of the season and the men, rivetting breathless attention, and, in the midst of scenes of the sorest affliction on humanity, stirring the deepest yearnings of the affections.

The *Monthly Repository*, September, 1837, edited by Leigh Hunt, contains a brief, but important, estimate of the book. It begins with this sentence:—

There is no account of the French Revolution that can be in the slightest degree compared with this for intensity of feeling and profoundness of thought.

The style is lamented as being "uncompromisingly German," but the complaints against the author of unintelligibility on this score are very "shallow and ridiculous." The imaginative power of the work is described as follows:—

If a man wishes to go through the Revolution with feelings analogous to those who suffered in it, who wept in it, who hoped in it, who were driven deeply to reflect in it, and who ended by concluding that there was good in its worst evil, and a tear due to every sufferer, but not virtue or settled manhood enough in the light and joyous French character to bring the question to its noblest close, here let him suffer and be exalted, and be depressed, and awakened into the widest thoughts upon the nature of himself and his duties with the most thoughtful heart now speaking among men.

One of the most notable reviews of the *French Revolution* was that of Thackeray, which appeared in the *Times*, August the 3rd, 1837. Thackeray was as yet an almost unknown hack-writer—Carlyle, apropos of the review, refers to him as "one Thackeray." But the article is extremely significant, as being the recognition by one man of yet unacknowledged genius of another, before whom was a still harder battle for his true place in the world of letters. The review, furthermore, is instructive as giving an account of the various impressions which the book had made and of its consequently various reception by the public press. Upon this topic it begins, as follows:—

Since the appearance of this work, within the last two months, it has raised among the critics and the reading public a strange storm of applause and discontent. To hear one party you would fancy that the author was but a dull madman, indulging in wild vagaries of language and dispensing with common sense and reason, while, according to another, his opinions are little short of inspiration, and his

eloquence unbounded as his genius. We confess, that in reading the first few pages, we were not a little inclined to adopt the former opinion, and yet, after perusing the whole of this extraordinary work, we can allow, almost to their fullest extent, the high qualities with which Mr. Carlyle's idolaters endow him.

Thackeray's admiration for Addisonian English, however, will not permit him to give much countenance to the "Germanisms and Latinisms, strange epithets, and choking double words" which so astonish "those who love history as it gracefully runs in Hume, or struts pompously in Gibbon." "But these hardships," continues Thackeray, "become lighter as the traveller grows accustomed to the road and he speedily learns to admire and sympathise; just as he would admire a Gothic cathedral in spite of the quaint carvings and hideous images on door and buttress."

Notwithstanding these disfiguring grotesque conceits and images, the book manifestly took a strong hold upon Thackeray. Some of its pages he confesses to having read with "breathless interest." The book, in general, "betrays most extraordinary powers—learning, observation, humor." And one other quality is stamped upon it, which especially appealed to the sworn foe of shams, which Thackeray, no less than Carlyle, assuredly was, namely—*sincerity*. "Above all, it has no CANT." Such a judgment upon his work must have greatly pleased Carlyle. His war, all his life, in all his utterances, was upon this odious thing. His most deeply felt prayer was that he might be honest in his work—honest as the mason is who builds a wall that endures until the tooth of time eats away the very stone.

Thackeray was by no means blind to any of the faults of the *French Revolution*, whether they were of the eccentric style or of the substance. For an unqualified admiration and understanding of the book he thinks an initiation in metaphysics necessary; especially must one have "passed the veil of Kantian philosophy." But it is even here not all caviare to the common. The work "teems with sound, hearty philosophy." The transcendentalisms of it—let them pass as unintelligible. The

book "possesses genius, if any book ever did. It wanted no more for keen critics to cry fie upon it!"

The *London Quarterly Review*, September, 1840, devotes thirty pages to the *Essays*, the *French Revolution*, *Sartor Resartus*, and *Chartism*. The writer expresses strong disapprobation both of the style and the substance of Carlyle's works: "His writings profess to be on subjects of ethics, philosophy, and religion, and yet, notwithstanding a plausible phraseology scattered here and there, they make no profession of definite Christianity." Indeed, his religion is no better than Pantheism and from that no good can come, but evil only. From this point of view Carlyle is judged throughout his several books. Much to assent to and approve of is found, but the system of thought, or, if not system, school, is energetically denounced. The writer sees in the *French Revolution* a specific illustration of this pernicious way of thinking. He thus writes:—

He has treated the French Revolution, according to his metaphor, as the outbreak of a volcano, as a necessary result of certain combinations of circumstances, like the conjunction of certain gasses with certain metals, ending in a natural explosion; and in so doing, not only is his historical view miserably defective, but his morality is erroneous and pernicious. There is an absence in all his moral reasonings of the two principal elements of our moral nature, a sense of shame, and a sense of indignation at sin. If we might use the two Greek words, which will bring this remark home to those who are acquainted with the Greek philosophy, he has little *Αἴδω*s and no *Νέμεσι*s.

The *Morning Chronicle*, 1840, contained a review by Joseph Mazzini, which is included in his *Life and Writings*, Vol. IV. It is a very elaborate study of Carlyle's conception of society.

Such was the diversity of opinion regarding Carlyle's *French Revolution*.

A summary of results would stand as follows: Only the *Literary Gazette* fails to give the author credit for serious intentions and deep earnestness. Only the *London Quarterly* discovers an immoral tendency in his philosophy. As regards the author's style, all the reviewers comment upon its singularity, and some praise while most condemn. The epic quality of the work

is discerned by several of the reviewers and they judge of it somewhat as they would of a poem rather than as a history. Greatness and permanence are allowed it, except by the flippant critic of the *Literary Gazette*, who sees in it only a tiresome literary curiosity.

The *French Revolution* cannot be said to have met either with much adverse criticism or with neglect. On the contrary, it was rated very high, it was extolled as a book of extraordinary power and of high poetic merit, by several of the leading critical journals of the day. It made an extraordinary impression on the leading spirits of the time, especially upon those poetically endowed. Some of the foremost periodicals of the day took no notice of it whatever. Among these were the *Edinburgh Review*, in which Carlyle had made his first appearance as an author, and the *Foreign Quarterly*, which had besought him for contributions at the outset of his career. *Blackwood's*, also, makes no mention of it. The *Quarterly Review* does no more than to announce it among the "New Publications." Returning to the weeklies, the *Atlas*, November 5, 1837, has a long and highly commendatory review of Schoberl's translation of Thiers' *History of the French Revolution*, incidentally praising also Mignet's. Surely this was an occasion for mentioning Carlyle's recent work, had there been a disposition on the part of the reviewer to do so. But he does nothing of the kind. And what makes the omission the more remarkable is that, after lauding these works as the two most remarkable histories of the French Revolution that have been published, the writer proceeds to characterize that of Thiers' in the very language which has been commonly considered, by unbiased readers, as most fittingly describing the work of the Scotchman. "Vividness of delineation," "dramatic spirit," "picturesqueness,"—these expressions undoubtedly suggest Carlyle to one who is reading a review of any history of the event which he has dealt with in so eminently a dramatic and picturesque manner.

In American periodicals I have discovered but one review of the book that is engaging our attention. This occurred in the *Democratic Review*, July, 1838. The article has the tone of the more favorable British reviews, that of the *Westminster*, for ex-

ample. Its character can best be shown by a few extracts, rather than by description. Its opening sentences intentionally face both ways. "This is the most extraordinary book of the day"—thus it starts out. The writer then proceeds to explain, as he feels it necessary to do, that he has not used the ambiguous expression as old Fuseli was accustomed to do when to his noble patrons he would say of their pictures, "Very extraordinary, indeed, my lord, very extraordinary,"—meaning "extraordinary *bad*." "Our meaning," the writer proceeds to say, "is that it is both extraordinary bad and extraordinary good." The writer's meaning is soon made plain in very emphatic language. Such "wild uncouthness" characterizes the style that it may be called "a French Revolution of language." This is the "extraordinary bad." Two pages are devoted to its severe reprobation. The "established formulas of expression he tramples in the dust" and "chooses to riot in a most fantastic revelry of confusion." This severity is meted out, the writer explains, because he apprehends "great injury to the language from the numerous imitators that are likely to spring up under so striking and brilliant an example."

As for "the inner substance or spirit" of the work, that is "extraordinary good." Like the English reviewers, the writer pronounces the work to be a poem,—*"for though under the garb of prose and under the formal title of history, the work before us is a poem, and nothing else,—like the immortal Epic to which Homer's title has been disputed, a connected series of rhapsodies, all of surpassing sublimity and blended into a most wondrous harmonious whole."* Its character is further given in the following language, wherein the writer, in spite of himself, makes a fatal admission regarding the style:—

Taking the whole aggregate of materials before him as free at his disposal, and as already equally in possession of himself and his reader or hearer, he selects out of the entire mass the particular fact, word, or thing that involves most significantly the essential type or the predominant idea he seeks to embody; and throws them together into such

groups and series of groups as may exhibit with the most impressive dramatic effect the true moral, as contradistinguished from the mere physical, history of the subject,—touching, every here and there, the outlines thus rapidly struck off, with an intensely luminous pencil, that flashes a world of suggested meaning, in contrast with the blackest shadows which the imagination may indulge itself at will in filling up without ever exhausting their depth. [Certain it is that Carlyle himself never wrote such an abominable sentence. But to continue, for the sake of the writer's admission regarding the style.] We have even to confess that that very uncouthness and abruptness of style which we have already so strongly reprobated, sometimes contribute to increase this remarkable effect of the pictures that he draws, in a manner entirely peculiar and original, and startling and striking beyond description.

After fourteen pages of comment and quotation the reviewer breaks off with the promise to resume in the next number. The next number should have been August, but Volume II closes with the July number, in which this part appears, and Volume III opens with the September number. But it is of no moment whatever whether the writer reached the intended conclusion of his remarks or not.

America, it is well known, gave Carlyle's early writings a much heartier reception than England did, but notwithstanding this I am not able to find that this particular work excited any great interest. It was rather *Sartor Resartus* and the miscellaneous essays that did this.

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LIFE AND CONSCIOUSNESS

I. THE ORIGIN OF LIFE

In the phenomenal world, everything has a beginning and an end. The ordinary mind, which never gets behind the obvious, consequently infers that the non-phenomenal primaries—matter, energy, and time—must have had a beginning also. But every system of philosophy that has sought an ultimate basis along a receding line of inquiry has found itself quickly projected into nothingness. The reason therefor being the human mind cannot know the absolute. Therefore when we place postulates concerning the unknowable between our knowledge and our ignorance and imagine that we have thereby secured a solid foundation for ratiocination we deceive ourselves with words devoid of meaning. Hence, speculation concerning the origin of life is idle. To trouble ourselves about it is to chase a phantasm. Life is a phenomenon, and simply *is*. To account for its being, we need no other postulates than those which every man with mind not smothered in the bog of metaphysics will freely admit to be experientially true—energy and matter as universal constants with time as a fourth dimension. These granted, it follows that all their combinations eventuating in realities to the mind of man are simple resultants in an infinite series, *one member of which is life*.

II. WHAT LIFE IS

Descartes commenced his famous treatise on philosophy with the thesis—"I think, therefore I am" (*cogito, ergo sum*), a statement open to the criticism that it begs the question by fallaciously incorporating with the suppressed major premise—*Thinking things are*—that which is to be proved: *ego*, a conscious, thinking, reasoning agent, and *existence*. The expression is a tautology—I am, therefore I am. I opine that metaphysics can get no farther than this. Therefore in the present enquiry I purpose to eschew its methods of investigation for those of physical science.

We have no difficulty in distinguishing an apple from an

onion or a clap of thunder from the ticking of a clock because each of these phenomena presents to our consciousness a group of characteristic sensations that is individualistic. It is obvious that we shall recognize and understand life, precisely as we recognize and understand other objective phenomena, by means of charactersitic marks. Let us look for them.

All bodies are in relative motion. Making this our point of departure, we perceive at once that bodies fall into two classes: *Class A* includes those bodies that move only when acted upon by an external force and in such wise that their present state depends exclusively upon what took place at the preceding instant. So that the body behaves as though it were a material point in a system of such points, its position being determined by the position of the same points at the immediately antecedent moment and capable of being expressed by a series of differential equations in which time is an independent variable. A billiard ball is a familiar example. *Class B* includes those bodies whose present state cannot be completely explained by their state at a preceding moment in such wise as to be fully expressed by an equation. A swimming fish will serve as an example. Structurally, bodies of class A are homogeneous, that is they are destitute of functioning parts; but bodies of class B are heterogeneous, that is they have functioning parts.

It is necessary to observe closely the distinction between the participial adjective *functioning* and the simple adjective *functional*, because some bodies now in class A were once in class B as, for example, a deceased cat, which certainly has functional parts although they are not now functioning. A heterogeneous body whose organs are functioning we say is *alive*, while one whose organs are not functioning we say is *dead*. A homogeneous body we say is *not-alive*. In every-day speech, the term "dead matter" is often applied figuratively to inorganic bodies; but it would be a misnomer in a technical discussion and lead to confusion, for inorganic bodies have always been not-alive while only the alive may become the dead.

Now when bodies of class B move they do so by means of their functioning parts, and their movements cannot be calculated because they may only be represented by an equation

containing a dependent variable, spontaneity, whose coefficient remains unknown. This gives us the first index of life — *spontaneous movement by the use of organs*.

The microscope, however, reveals minute beings devoid of organs but possessing the power of spontaneous movement and incontestably alive. The amœba, although not precisely of microscopic size, will serve well as an illustration of these creatures. It appears like a drop of colorless jelly. Locomotion is accomplished by the extension and withdrawal of a portion of its mass from any part. Nutrition is secured by the matter of which the animalcule is composed enveloping a food particle by viscous flow, non-nutritive particles being eliminated by the simple process of flowing away from them. Reproduction is carried on by fission, a portion of the mass becoming detached and setting forth on a career of its own.

Such beings have no permanent functional parts. But a definite connection between them and the higher types of life is found in the fact that all alike have as their unit of structure the cell and a peculiar chemical compound called protoplasm. This substance is composed of specific chemical elements associated in a definite molecule. Its distinguishing characteristic is sensibility, by which I mean *sense perception*. We are inclined to associate something miraculous, or at all events mystic, with this factor of life. But there is no real reason why sensibility should be regarded in this manner. Essentially, it is no more marvellous than other distinguishing characteristics of molecules. To illustrate: Aluminum, oxygen, and silica combined in one way form clay whose distinguishing mark, we may assume, is opacity; but combined into a different molecular adjustment they form glass, whose chief distinguishing mark is transparency. So, certain elements united in a certain way we may call "earthly matter": it is non-sensitive, inert. But combined in a different molecular adjustment, the very same elements manifest sensibility; it is now normal protoplasm.

On account of their cell structure and its method of functioning, all alive beings are said to be organized. Non-organized and dead bodies constitute class A, and functioning organized bodies constitute class B. Wherever we discover spontaneous

movement there we always find normal protoplasm organized into a cell or an assemblage of cells. This extends the range of our first index of life into *mark 1: spontaneous movement*; and simultaneously gives us a second index—*mark 2: normal protoplasm*.

We may identify a body as alive by means of these two marks. They suffice to show the presence of life but do not tell us what life is. At this stage, we must discard the instruments used thus far (biology and chemistry) and pass to physics. From this science we learn that whatever produces motion is energy, and that the varieties of energy, collectively termed forces, are named from their manner of manifestation. We are now in possession of all the data needed for the framing of a definition. *Life is that specific manifestation of energy which is found associated with protoplasm and manifests itself by spontaneous movement.*

We often hear it remarked that "life is a mystery." So it is; and so is electricity. But neither is a particle less or more mysterious than the other.

III. CONSCIOUSNESS

Observation of that which I call my body convinces me that it is alive, because it evidences all the marks of life. In addition, I see here localized an awareness of self and not-self. Whoever might venture to deny this, I cannot, else there remains for me no knowledge of anything. And this is to predicate pure non-existence of everything.

Further, I find this awareness to be—not merely localized "here," but—associated with the organs of my body, thus:—

<i>Organ</i>	<i>sense</i>	<i>presentation</i>
Eye	sight	{ color, distance, form, perspective.
Skin	touch	{ "feel," temperature, shape, and pressure.
Nose	smell	odors, and "feels."
Ear	audition	{ noise, harmonious tones, equilibrium.
Mouth	taste	flavors, and "feels."
Joints and muscles	movement	{ bodily motions, pres- sure, and weight.

I am also aware that I have not always been aware. I have no awareness of the first year of my life, nor of several hours of last night.

It thus appears that my awareness is the result of (1) bodily composition and structure (see II, above), and (2) stimulus from without. So that the prerequisites to consciousness are, *first*, a protoplasmic cellular organism; *second*, specific kinds of energy pulsing upon it; *third*, orientation or adjustment of the cells to lines-of-force; *fourth*, the automatic adjustment of groups of cells in a series to familiar (or repeated) forces without direct stimulus on each group of the chain. The last-named adjustment is called *cell memory*. The evolutionary development which has converted a unicellular organism like the amœba into a multicellular complex with functional groups of cells like the human body was a long process requiring many millions of years for its accomplishment.

But in the human infant there is no consciousness:—

The infant new to earth and sky
What time its tender palm is prest
Against the circle of the breast
Has never thought that *this is I*.

At this period of life, the cells of the body are evidently collocated in series by heredity and possessed of capacity to orient under stress. If at this time a lump of loaf sugar be put into the hand of the child and at the same instant it hear pronounced the word *sugar*, it receives through the ear the sensation of sound, through the hand the percepts of hardness and weight, through the eye and hand conjointly those of form and dimension, and finally the organs of taste and digestion add those sensations of sweetness and satisfaction which complete the concept that goes with the word *sugar*. One group of cells after another has been forced into alignment to give a complex sensation whose whole name is *loaf sugar*. A repetition of this process at intervals during a few weeks establishes a train of nerve-cell adjustments. Cell memory has been set up. Thereafter, this entire series of adjustments may be produced by a renewal of but one or two of the original sensations, the remainder being interpolated automatically.

Such serial adjustment of nerve cells accompanied by a certain grade of strain gives rise to a new sensation, *awareness*. My awareness is my consciousness. Since consciousness is only a complex sensation resulting from strain, it varies from the stress of no part of my organism to that of a considerable part of it but never (probably) to all of it. That is to say, consciousness varies in degree from zero to a maximum, and is a transient specific property of normal protoplasm.

Consciousness is the *ego*, and is designated by the first personal pronoun. From the above data, we deduce this definition: *Consciousness is individual awareness in a protoplasmic organism of self and not-self and is identical with the complex sensation of stress accompanying cell adjustment to lines of force.*

Consciousness is generally called *the soul*, a term employed with quite different significations by philosophers. Plato was one of the first (if not the first) to use the word. But in his philosophy the soul is not conscious. He uses the word to designate a locus for "ideas" by which he means self-existent entities. He teaches that whenever the "idea" my-self floats into the locus my-soul, self-consciousness comes into existence; and when it floats out of this locus, consciousness of self ceases. The man in the street probably thinks of his soul as *something inside him*. But if his ego is something inside *him*, what then is *he*? As pointed out in section I, such yolk-in-the-egg philosophy leads nowhither. And the only conclusion empirical science and logic justifies is this: *Consciousness (or ego, or soul) is a characteristic property ("mark") of matter when organized in a specific way (protoplasm).*

FERNANDO WOOD MARTIN.

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THE OVERHILLS OF OTTOLAY

Quietly, wellnigh furtively, like evil-doers fearful of the law, we stole out of Hendersonville that sunny afternoon of August. In all these years of tramping we have not learned to brazen it out like sensible men, to pass with nonchalance in the outlandish costume of the road under the curious and scornful gaze of city folk transplanted for a season to the mountains. There are in the world some philosophic souls—I have met with two or three—who do not object to being counted insane by persons whom they do not know and in whom they take not the slightest interest; but to this happy state of indifference a long and varied experience has not brought the Pinolian, George, and me. We still dislike being gaped at as though we were a circus procession and all because we wear flannel shirts and carry blanket rolls. We are incurable, I fear; and if a half-century from now we are still following the road, we shall be found, three bashful, gray old fellows, slinking out of town along some quiet, unfrequented street. The summer-resorter (to contribute a word to the language) is a most disagreeable person, not because he stares you out of countenance but because of the vulgar way in which he does it. I will walk a quarter mile to give him the slip. The countryman, on the other hand, has a frankness that is better than good breeding. He will study you from head to foot, he will follow you about, he will ask a dozen questions concerning matters that are none of his business. But his curiosity is honest and he is generally too liberal to consider you a lunatic because your methods of enjoying yourself are unlike his; and if, after all, he does conclude that you are weak-minded or a crank, he will not tell you so, insolently, with his eyes.

The Pinolian, I think, was the most rejoiced of the three when we had passed the last bungalow and saw the long, empty highway stretching ahead. The Pinolian—who owes his name to his practice of carrying with him a small package of a home-made ration called 'pinole,' a single pinch of which he considers more nutritious than a ton of beef—is a very practical theorist in

matters pertaining to the pursuit of rambling, and in the application of his theories he will go to lengths appalling to a man of ordinary hardihood. Thus on this occasion he had dared to set out in a pair of sky-blue, slipper-like moccasins, not because he admired their color but because he was persuaded that they would prove the most comfortable of footgear; and instead of knapsack and blanket roll, which, after all, are more or less conventional, an elaborate and complicated affair of straps and buckles, said to be much affected by woodsmen of the North, contained his impedimenta. He was indeed a traveller whose like is seldom seen among those highlands; and it is not to be wondered at if those who stared from the piazzas as we slouched by, vainly striving to appear unconscious of the scrutiny, bestowed upon him a flattering, if unwelcome, measure of attention.

We tramped that afternoon a red road, well travelled yet firm under foot, and in the scant four miles that we covered, no adventure befell, save that once, as we walked beside a sunny-faced mountaineer riding on a mule, George, absorbed in conversation about the price of live stock, stumbled among some loose stones and sprawled flat upon his face. This for a little while we were inclined to shake our heads over as an omen; but we feared no bugbears except rainy weather and rattlesnakes and were too light-hearted to think often of such perils. To right and left the level fields were deep in tasselled corn. Here and there beside the way, spreading apple trees dropped their ripe fruit to quench the thirst of vagabonds. Behind us rose low purple heights, shutting from view the high peaks massed beyond, while far ahead billowed the blue mysterious giants of the Pisgah range, topped by the mighty dome that was to be our beacon for half the journey. In our hearts was something akin to the joy of a home-coming. Low countrymen though we were, the uplands knew us well, and we cherished the memory of fine days spent together amid these Overhills of Ottolay.¹ Years had passed since last we three had followed the mountain roads, and some who in those days had been of our company walked with us no longer. I think we all thought of them often

¹ By this name, it is said, the Indians knew the North Carolina Mountains.

that first afternoon of our journey, recalling many an adventure among the Overhills and smelling again the smoke of campfires kindled long ago on the cliffs of old Unaka Kanoos and in the high, cool valleys of Sapphire.

We walked for no wager nor had in view the making of records for speed or distance; so when our backs had begun to complain of their unaccustomed burdens, we bade good-bye to our friend on the mule and cast our packs upon the ground. To the right, half-hidden among some oaks, stood a farm-house on a green hill—a pleasant place as though pleasant folk lived in it. Here, we told one another, a man may buy a fat fowl and a pail of milk and pitch his tent; and when George and the Pinolian had made a reconnaissance of the place and concluded a successful interview with a young woman of the house, whom they described as a vision of delight, we chose a bit of dry woodland some distance from the road and in a trice were at home—the little shelter tautly rigged between convenient saplings and a brisk fire crackling before it. The stars looked down benignantly all night, and, when we turned in, we slept like tired men until well after dawn.

But before we turned in, there was a supper to be eaten; and before it could be eaten, there was the necessity of first procuring it, for we carried but little food in our packs, and, unless we could buy enough from day to day, were in a fair way to starve. And for me, moreover, there was the vision of delight. I had not seen her yet, for I had stayed with the baggage while the others went scouting; and now, when the tent was pitched and the time come to try our luck for a chicken or whatever else fortune might have in store for us, I was determined to satisfy my curiosity. So I volunteered as forager on condition that George go with me and the Pinolian keep the fire alive against our return; and presently the pair of us walked up a short lane beside a cornfield to the house upon the hill. We were not disappointed. She came out upon the piazza as we approached, and behind her two fair sisters, all three dressed in white and all of them very much alike, saving some slight differences of age and of taste in the matter of coiffures—big girls, yet not too heavy for their height, obviously healthy and strong of limb,

white-skinned, with light-brown hair and a flush of rose in their cheeks. Our conversation was all too brief; for after assuring us, not without diffidence, that we were welcome to a bucket of water from the well, they vanished indoors somewhat precipitately and thenceforward were to be seen only through the open windows as they moved here and there within the house. Yet we might have cultivated their acquaintance further; for in a few moments a tall, loose-limbed brother appeared and—prompted, we hoped, by the sisters—invited us at once to an “ice-cream supper” which the whole family were preparing to attend at the school-house a mile or so away. We thanked him, hesitated, and at last declined.

We were conscious of a debt of gratitude to all the members of that household. They rendered the first night of our journey pleasant and auspicious; and the first night of such a journey as ours is nothing less than a crisis. If at the end of the day's march you find yourself on the land of a surly farmer who speaks significantly of the dog or the trespass law, if food be unobtainable or held at a price that would stagger a millionaire, it is an even chance that you will show the white feather and foot it back to town in the morning. We could scarcely have met with a warmer welcome than that which was given us at the house on the green hill. The ice-cream party, it is true, had pretty well exhausted the supply of milk; yet we secured a quart or so for a trifling consideration; while the mother of the three visions caught a fat young rooster for us with her own brown hands and supplied us with delicious tomatoes, beans, and sugar. She was a woman to delight a tired wayfarer, a plump and jovial soul, notable chiefly for the fact that she looked younger than her husband—a rare condition among the people of the mountains, whose men, after they have grown moustaches, all appear to be about forty years old, while the women, when they have borne three or four children, seem to leap at once to a bent and wrinkled sixty. It is clear proof of the healthfulness of out-of-doors—of how much more fortunate is he who spends his days in sun and rain until all his muscles ache with the hard work that he must do—than she who bends over the stove at home, minds the baby, and patches the worn-out

pantaloon. I do not know whether or not the women die young; but the lean and sinewy males linger longer on earth than the generality of mortals; and Death, when at last he steps across each threshold, finds no shattered wreck of a man, long helpless in the world, but instead a hale old graybeard who only yesterday was strong and able with his hands. Almost until the Angel breathed into his face he had labored stoutly in his fields among his grandchildren.

Evolution works slowly among the mountains. Thought flows in the same channels and there is no quickening of its current; manners of speech and of life are what they were half a century ago; the old virtues and the old vices persist, scarcely tempered by the heat of the revolving years. Yet the tall lads singing behind their mules in many a green valley to-day can never be all that their fathers or grandfathers were. For them the long road lies straight and sunny ahead, bordered by pleasant meads; and when they have reached its end, they will have met with little along the way that will be worth the telling. But the old men who stand now at the end of the road or have gone down already into the shadow beyond the crest of the last hill, theirs was a perilous journey and a stirring story; for though no northern cannon thundered among their mountains, the highlanders heard the call to arms and rallied round the starry battleflags in the smoke of many stricken fields along the fiery frontiers of the Confederacy. I happened not long ago to fall in with three who had left their quiet homes among the Overhills to take part in that great struggle. The first, a grim old warrior with a great shaggy beard, such as one sees in daguerreotypes of General Hood, had followed Stonewall Jackson; another, whose one blue eye gleamed and sparkled as he spoke, had marched with Bragg and Joe Johnston in the Western Army; the third, in whose deeply wrinkled face there shone a singular and pleasing gentleness, held sacred the name of Micah Jenkins. They had been privates, all of them; and my heart leaped as I listened to their talk. There is much loud boasting and an abundance of downright lying that some of those who wear the Southern Cross of Honor will have to explain to the satisfaction of Saint Peter; but these three, I believe,

were telling the truth; and they spoke not to me, a babe among them, but to one another, as men who, although strangers until that day, were yet old comrades.

"We were in a cornfield," said he of the shaggy beard (I think Chancellorsville was the battle, though in this I may be mistaken) "a-layin' thar in the corn. The enemy were behind a stone fence in front of us. We were shootin' at 'em, but we couldn't do much good—they wouldn't fall back. After a while, way off to the left, I heer'd cheerin' an' I knew it was the Rebel yell. Bime-by hyar come old Stonewall ridin' along the line with his hat in his hand. 'Men,' he shouted to us, 'don't let 'em stop you.' In five minutes we had that stone fence."

What a picture that is! How vivid a glimpse—as though a lightning flash had struck deep into the darkness of the past—of a day as terrible as Waterloo or Cannæ! The bare-headed chieftain, so soon to die, galloping through the corn; and at a word from his lips, the long gray line, thrilled with a noble madness, surging forward to victory.

Next day we traversed by easy stages the flat fertile valley of the French Broad, crossing the tawny river itself at the King's Bridge before it was yet noon. The day was the Sabbath; and as we marched we were scanned with gravity and care by many solemn, fresh-faced children walking the red road to Sunday School. For us, as we said to one another, there was a certain enjoyment in these encounters. It was very well that we should be considered worthy of so interested a scrutiny. In our proper clothing and stripped of knapsacks, there are few who turn to look at us as we pass. Doubtless there was much lively talk in Sunday School that morning of three queer-looking vagabonds, one of whom tramped in blue slippers; and certainly the teacher found our passage through that country a regrettable event decidedly demoralizing to young folk whose minds should have been primed for the Catechism and the Bible lesson. It was a hot day's tramp, the way leading through open cornfields and meadows. We sweated prodigiously and rested often to ease our backs; and the day remains memorable only for the fact that birds were somewhat less rare than at any other stage of our journey. They were few enough even in that inviting

valley—some chipping sparrows singing cheerfully in wayside bushes, a firebrand of a cardinal flashing from one thicket to another, a splendid goldfinch resting for a moment on a rail fence, a rakish harrier quartering a vast meadow by the river, and some others of no greater note. Why there should be this rarity of feathered life in these green corn lands as well as in the great hardwood forests of the mountainsides is a mystery that I have never solved. August, it is true, is everywhere a dull time for birds; but in my native low country, on the hottest of the dog days, there are voices in the tree tops and the gleam of wings above the shimmering fields.

We were out of the French Broad flats and well up towards the head of the tributary valley of Mills River when we made camp in mid-afternoon among dark rhododendrons close to the rocky margin of the latter stream. Never was there a happier river nor one that sang more merrily among its hills. The clear water was like melted ice, and we rose refreshed from its embrace, conscious of a mighty hunger that would not be denied. Supper that evening was a feast of Lucullus, though for a while starvation stared us in the face as we argued glibly with a pious matron who counted it sin to trade and barter on the Sabbath. It was her husband, a spare, yellow-haired man well over six feet in height, who brought her round at last; and for this, I say, may the sun warm into vigorous life all seed that he will sow and his apple trees know never a barren season. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that he was at pains to drive a hard bargain, that three chickens were sold for the price of five, or that one of the cabbages was wonderfully rich in worms.

It mattered little. In Vagabondia one does not haggle over the price of this and that; for on the open road money is a small thing indeed, and it is better to be cheated out of the change than miss a noble prospect of far-off mountains or a fine tree by the wayside. And, furthermore, behold a striking instance of the old-fashioned righteousness of these highland folk—loath to sell on the Lord's Day, though three men, and one of them a Sunday School teacher in his own city, should go hungry. Here was a touch of the true mountain character—a staunch strait piety come down to this loose age from a time when the

fabric of a God-fearing body's religion was more tightly woven. I set to one side the husband's sharpness in matters of commerce—how he came by it I know not, for it is foreign to the Overhills—and, for the rest, I see this couple as the type of a strange encysted people, a race within a race. Elsewhere new things come to light, men's wits are brightened as they grow in knowledge, their speech is altered by contact with other dialects, their blood commingled with other blood, their views of right and wrong readjusted to suit the varying temper of the times. But here there is no change; and the mountain people, stagnant though they be, are in some respects the better for their isolation. Here are the fine old English and Scotch names of Colonial America and the old blood unmixed with other and less virile infusions; here is a natural honesty so rare that by virtue of this quality alone the mountaineer stands as a type apart. There are thieves in these highlands, I suppose, but I have never met with them, nor have they practised their art upon me, though opportunities have been abundant.² Yet honest as they are and kind of heart, no scruple of fair play fetters their hands when there is real or imagined wrong to be revenged. I have not forgotten the blood-stains in the road and the grim faces of the riders beating the thickets for the man who crept upon Chris Corbin and stabbed him in the back. That was six years ago as we journeyed one fine morning towards the splendid falls of the Whitewater; and in that tragedy was all the story of the bitter feud between the "moonshiners" and the State which forbids the highlanders to make whiskey out of their corn. Corbin was a "revenue," an instrument of a detested law, a terror to the owners of illicit "stills" hidden in deep, sequestered coves among the mountains; and so, as he walked the lonely Whitewater road, a man leaped upon him like a panther and a

² Lest this should appear incredible in a world much given to thieving, the following from a recent article by Mr. B. M. Trebor is submitted as corroborative evidence: "You cannot help being impressed with the honesty of these hardy folk. . . . If you should go in among them to live and should ever bolt your door or latch your windows at night, or when you go away, they would have nothing to do with you, It would be an affront to them, Honesty is a matter of course in this country."

long knife struck deep between his shoulder blades. Poor fellow! He came back that time from the brink of death, to take up his perilous business again; and only a little while ago the newspapers told of how he met his end in harness, his brave spirit rising in the smoke of combat and amid the dreadful music of shotguns.

Much depends upon the mood in which you take the road, and this itself is often the product of some trivial circumstance. If breaking camp be a tedious job and trying to the temper, you will have been two hours on the way before you regain that balance of the mind inclining to the side of pure childlike hilarity which is the rambler's proper estate; and if, when the tent is down and neatly rolled and the knapsacks are packed and slung across the shoulders that will bear them, it is learned all at once that someone's pipe or another's watch has been mislaid, then indeed, unless you are very careful, there is danger that your whole day may be spoiled. I lost my knife at the Mills River camp—an old comrade that I knew I should miss; but I let it go without a murmur and after scarcely a minute's search among the weeds. Better that it rust away to nothingness in the dust than that a single hour of the day be poisoned by a weary quest. And so we set out that morning with all our usual equipment of fine spirits. The aspect of the country had undergone a change and now it fitted better with our humor. For a mile or so the road circled the base of a round, green hill bare of trees except at the summit and mantled with soft grass. About us now were many wooded mountains; and presently we saw in front, much closer than ever before, the towering cone of Pisgah toward which we journeyed. It reared itself, clear cut against the sky, out of a tumbled wilderness of blunt, blue peaks and high, rounded billows of the earth; and we quickened our pace to pass the open places given over to the corn and plunge at once into that vast and unspoiled forest through which for two days or more our march would lead us. Yet there was one little valley on the way where our steps lagged somewhat and we were tempted to loiter. It lay like a brilliant jewel in a sombre setting; and the beauty of it burst upon us suddenly as the road topped a wooded ridge bounding it on the south. It

was but a rough oval of bottom land bordering a little river and carpeted with corn and grass upon which the sun shone brightly; but the greenness of it and the silence!—and the peace that surely was never broken since the round earth was made! “A garden of the Lord,” said one, as we gazed upon it from the height; and, for my part, I am glad chance led us thither. It is at best a doubtful war that we wage out in the world of men; and it is no coward trait to be mindful of the fact that some day we may find ourselves unhorsed. For any man it is good to know that there are places like that green valley among the Overhills where ten acres may be had for very little money and where a broken soldier, made philosophic by defeat yet keeping too much pride to take alms from the victor, may find a grateful and an honorable peace.

Out of that garden of the Lord the road mounted mile after mile. Presently we had quenched our thirst at the spring beside the last farmhouse and were fairly into the wilderness. There would be no more fields of corn nor open meadows until on the second or third day thereafter we had climbed by devious ways over the five-thousand-foot wall in our path and looked down from the frosty heights upon the fertile valley of Pigeon River. So much we conjectured from the map that we carried with us—a magic sheet of paper carefully pasted by the provident Pinolian upon a square of cloth to fortify it against the hard knocks of travel. And now it seemed that a new spirit of adventure was breathed into us and gave a keener taste to life. Heretofore we had traversed a kindly country of the soft loveliness that belongs to tracts where are many, yet not too many, little homesteads and where wood and field are pleasantly interspersed through all the valleys. But now all this lay behind; and ahead was a wild, disordered region of lofty buttresses and steep ridges, conjoining and bifurcating in a strange confusion, as though here had been the heart and centre of the mountain-making. Over all the rumpled earth was spread the blue-green carpet of the forest, clothing each high dome even to the summit, folded deep into each shadowed valley even to the rocky way where a white torrent leaped laughing on its downward course. There was no sound except the calling of streams and

the whisper of light breezes; and we spoke to one another only when speech was necessary; for now it was uphill work all the time and we had need of our breath. All day we met no one on the road nor found a clearing. The forest lay about us for miles on every side, as it was when all of it was the Indian's. The vastness of it was for us a joyous thing, the loneliness of it a delight; its barrenness of animal life oppressed us like a burden. I do not recall that we heard or saw a single bird as we marched, or, until we had made camp, any creature larger than an insect. Yet there are many deer in this high wilderness, while it is said that a few pumas still survive and that black bears and wild cats are not uncommon; and though all these wild beasts are as harmless to man as so many sucking pigs, the thought that somewhere near at hand they might be crouching as we passed helped, I suspect, to foster that sharp adventurous spirit of which I have spoken. But in the main this was the work of the forest itself—part of the spell that it laid upon us. It is not possible to stand amid a million great breathing trees and remain unaffected by them—to look out over leagues of unbroken woods at the jagged skyline of some distant ridge and keep the mind engaged with other matters. A man is then become an atom in the midst of inconceivable immensity. It strikes home to his soul how pitifully humble he is, how lamentably helpless, how utterly unnecessary in the great scheme of things—the merest grain of sand upon an illimitable beach. Awe fills him; and joy, because his lot is cast in all this wonder and glory; and fear, because in the vast and perilous world and amid nature's stupendous and irresistible processes he is so little and so weak.

Soon or late on every camping trip you will fall foul of the devil; and that very night in the silent woods he found us out. We had pitched the tent under gigantic tulip trees between two tiny streams. At sunset gray squirrels played all about us in the branches and we smoked our after-supper pipes beneath many twinkling stars. Then, when we had scarcely fallen asleep, the rain came stealthily and all the night long it pattered on the tight walls of our shelter. Here was the great misfortune that we had feared from the beginning; here was Fate,

so kind until now, at odds with us at last. We were too wise to set her at defiance. We had gone a-walking for the fun of it and not to endure hardship; and unless we were three false prophets, this was no ordinary shower but the mild beginning of one of those mountain downpours that often last for days. So—fortunately, as the sequel proved—we threw up the sponge. We would not, as we had planned, cross the great divide of the Pisgah Range and follow the winding Pigeon River to Waynesville—(named for Mad Anthony, though I doubt if he was ever within three hundred miles of the place). Instead, when at earliest peep of day we had broken camp in the rain—the most melancholy proceeding under Heaven—we took a steep trail that led straight down the mountainside. If we could reach Horseshoe village before the last train passed through, we would sleep in dry beds at Hendersonville that night.

That day's march remains a vivid memory. Shortly the trail ran into a red road. Presently, by advice of the map, we turned to the left into another road, green with grass and showing no track of hoof or wagon-wheel. Here we came first to the Creek of Many Crossings. From side to side of that beautiful, accursed stream we passed until at last we had crossed it twenty-seven times, fourteen times by bridge and the remaining thirteen by ford, sometimes thigh-deep in ice-cold rushing water. All day the rain drove ceaselessly into our faces out of gray, silent skies. It was afternoon when the forest opened before us and we came to the head of an enchanted glen. Mile after mile we walked adown soft meadows and by the edge of thriving cornfields between dark heights of woods. Five young horses grazing together pricked up their ears and followed till again we forded the river. Two great, red steers lying in the grass beside the path glared so forbiddingly that we passed far round them on the mountainside, the Pinolian muttering grimly that he had once had a painful experience with a bull. Now and again a cabin loomed before us in the rain; but always the chimney was a ruin, the clay gone from the chinks between the logs, the house empty. That was a strange uncanny valley out of which it seemed that all human life had fled as if from a

pestilence, leaving the sleek cattle to wander in the meadows and the crops to flourish tall in the fields.

The foul fiend made sport of us all that day, and I for one was fully conscious of his influence. Nay, more, it was plain that he had passed down the glen only a little while before, in the guise of a man, no doubt, and riding in a buggy; for now, wherever the way led us, we saw the tracks of narrow wheels; and none but the devil's own nag could have crossed those treacherous fords or drawn a vehicle along so rough a road. Even after we were out of the eerie valley and had come to lower levels where here and there a cosy homestead curled above its fields a wisp of blue smoke, he foiled our plans and mocked us at every turn. We had tramped a matter of fifteen miles or so since morning, and Horseshoe village, it seemed, was still a good ten miles away. Never once had the rain ceased, nor from all appearances would it ever cease till doomsday. Our backs ached under their burdens, our stomachs made moan of their emptiness, George's feet were blistered—great was the triumph of the Pinolian whose blue slippers had now abundantly established their worth; and with half a score of miles between us and the railroad, we determined to put up at some farmhouse, eat a square meal, and sleep the night in comfort. But Apollyon had gone before us and cast his spell as he passed. Not a house would take us in; and for the first time in our lives we found downright inhospitality among the Overhills. There was nothing for it but to push on, for to make camp in such a cloud-burst was, with our limited resources, out of the question.

It was appropriate that in such tragic circumstances we should have come upon a tragedy. Beside the road, where it struck down a narrow valley in the shadow of a high forested pinnacle, stood a small and ancient cabin, seemingly upon the verge of disintegration. Here we paused to ask how far we must walk to Horseshoe; and as I stooped to rap upon the step, there came a queer treble jargon from within and an aged woman shuffled slowly forward out of the gloom. But for the brightness of her blue eyes as she stood in the doorway, I should have guessed her years as something over a hundred; for she was shrunken away nearly to skin and bone, her sallow cheeks and forehead

were a maze of creases, her hair all gone except a few white wisps, her short bent frame a-quiver as with palsy. She offered us apples, and, allowing no time for questions, began at once a strange, disjointed narrative. In that cabin she had lived alone for nineteen years—how and with what means of sustenance would be hard to guess, since she was almost too feeble to walk. Her children—some of them at any rate—were alive; but they had married and moved elsewhere; and—one can scarcely credit it—they had forgotten their old mother. Yet she spoke of them affectionately, of one proudly because he had gone as far away as Arkansas and taken a wife and owned a fine farm. "There's been a b'ar in the valley," she whispered, "but it won't hurt a pore, lonesome ol' soul like me." She gave us more apples, counted ten for us in the Indian language, and waved her shaking hand gaily as we trudged off in the rain. We walked in silence for a while thereafter. It was an ugly picture that we saw—a well-fed farmer sitting at night before his comfortable fire, his wife beside him and his babe upon his knee: and far away, in her poor hut among the Overhills, a shrivelled old woman, clad in dirty rags, mumbling the name of a son by whom she is forgotten.

There is no member of the rambler's brotherhood nor, I suppose, any other human being of any sort or station whose life from beginning to end is all of one color. In spite of all our victories over nature and in spite of all our civilizing of mankind, the world is still so full of chances that the most humdrum among us has met with an adventure: somewhere in the experience of even the most commonplace of mortals something has happened to brighten the eyes and quicken the heartbeats. Yet it is true that many of the most stirring moments of our lives fade out of mind far sooner than do other moments less eventful and of slighter consequence. So it is with a walking tour—which is like life itself in this also, that you move, now merrily, now sadly, towards a goal, the attainment of which dissolves a dear companionship; and, in the one journey as in the other, it is often the ordinary, unimportant thing that stands out most clearly—a meadow silvered with the dew, a white cloud-fragment caught upon a peak, the brown eyes of a child

who said 'good morning' and passed on. We reached Horse-shoe just in time to board the train, and got into Hendersonville before the streams, swollen by torrential rains which continued for more than fifty hours, had swept away bridges and torn great gaps in the lines of railway: and of all the little adventures that befell us on the road the one that I think I shall remember longest was the singing of a bird in the hot noon weather of the second day—a fat and jocose wren who perched on a fence rail, as we rested under a dying chestnut tree, and sang a song that I had heard a thousand times before.

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SHOULD THE GOVERNMENT OWN THE RAILROADS?*

The form of the statement, "Should the Government Own the Railroads?" primarily suggests the question whether it would be wise and expedient for the national government to own and operate the railroads of the country ; and yet it is broad enough to include the inquiry whether the trend of events does not point to such ownership as requisite for the protection of the public welfare. In other words, is governmental ownership of the railroads either desirable or inevitable?

Early in the sixteenth century the art of printing from movable type, which had been invented in the preceding century, came into general use. The adoption of this means of rescuing learning and diffusing knowledge introduced a tremendous force. The power of communication by means of written language was not only restored but vastly enlarged. Then began to flow those streams of modern progress whose currents are still moving, and then was afforded opportunity for the operation of those causes which have sufficed to advance civilization more in the last three hundred years than in all the centuries that had preceded.

Commerce, however, was still confined because no advance had been made in the character of the motive power applicable to the instruments of transportation. As in the earliest days, transportation still depended upon muscular force, or the currents of the air.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century roadways had been constructed and waterways improved in England and the Continental States of Europe to an extent perhaps sufficient to meet the demands of traffic as it then existed.

About the close of the first quarter of that century so-called railways began to be constructed both in England and America. These, however, were merely tramways for the operation of

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coaches over metal rails by animal power; intended merely as feeders for canals and waterways, But a great change was impending.

In the year 1829 Stephenson constructed the first successful locomotive. This was the famous engine Rocket, which, while almost ludicrous in appearance to modern eyes, was the unpretentious forerunner of the ponderous Mallet Compound of the present day. A speed of twenty-nine miles an hour was attained; and the practicability of mechanical traction was demonstrated. A new era in the progress of civilization had begun. Commerce was unfettered, and began its spread over all the earth even as the waters cover the sea. A revolution had been accomplished.

Preceding the advent of the locomotive the sparse population of the United States was scattered over a wide territory, with a vast expanse of continent yet unconquered. The youthful energies of the people were devoted to exploiting the abounding wealth of nature. To the west of the Alleghanies lay an empire inaccessible to commerce because of the lack of efficient means of transportation. No great rivers connected the Atlantic coast with the interior beyond the mountains. The Appalachian chain, extending from the borders of Canada into the far South, presented an impassable barrier to the construction of artificial waterways, with the exception of a connecting link between the waters of the Great Lakes and those of the Hudson River. The task of providing adequate means of transportation was a stupendous one, but the need was imperative, and its accomplishment was valiantly undertaken. Turnpikes or toll roads began to be constructed across the Alleghanies both by private enterprise and with the aid of public funds. In Pennsylvania alone more than one hundred companies had built nearly two thousand five hundred miles of toll road. The celebrated Cumberland road, or "national pike," extending from Maryland through Pennsylvania and Ohio into Illinois, was constructed and owned by the federal government. The State of New York had completed the Erie Canal in 1825.

When the construction of railways began it was assumed that the company would simply own the roadway over which the carriers and others would operate their own vehicles upon

payment of reasonable tolls, as had been the custom with turnpikes and canals. The vast potentialities of railway transportation had not been perceived, nor had the exclusive nature of railway operation been reckoned with.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad had been chartered in 1827, before the success of the locomotive had been established; and on July 4th, 1828, Charles Carroll, then the only living signer of the Declaration of Independence, drove the first spike on this historic road. The charter of this company, as well as that of the Georgia Railroad and other railway companies, contemplated and provided for the use of the tracks by the vehicles of other persons. The original railway companies, both in England and America, were not common carriers; the railroad being considered merely an improved type of the old toll road. In England the railroad was first limited to the charging of an established toll for the use of its tracks. This was followed by the railway company's supplying the motive power, for which it was permitted to charge an additional locomotive toll, the shipper or the carrier still supplying the coach. It was not until some years later that Parliament authorized the railway companies not only to provide motive power for use by other persons, but also to employ such engines themselves, "and in carriages or wagons drawn or propelled thereby, to convey upon the said railway all such passengers, cattle, and other animals, goods, wares and merchandise, articles, matters and other things as shall be offered to them for that purpose." For this service an additional charge was permitted. Thus by gradual approach the railway company evolved into a common carrier. In America the process was similar, but more rapid. Generally speaking, it may be said that in the early forties the railway companies had undertaken the occupation and assumed the legal status of common carriers; and appropriated to themselves the exclusive operation of their lines.

The whole relation of the railways to the State thus became changed. It cannot be doubted that the business of transportation is essentially a governmental function. In recognition of this principle the charges and practices of common carriers have from time immemorial been subject to control and regu-

lation by the State, in countries where the common law prevails. They were required to carry for all without unjust discrimination or undue preference, and at reasonable charges. If this was necessary to protect the public interest in the early days of common carriage, how much greater is that necessity now when giant corporations have acquired dominion over commerce and, but for the restraint of the law, would hold the people at their mercy. Mr. Justice Shiras has aptly said that while shippers of merchandise are under no legal necessity to use railroads, practically they are. The demand for speedy and prompt movement virtually forbids the employment of slow and old-fashioned methods of transportation. From the very nature of the case therefore, railroads are monopolies. (*Texas & Pacific Ry. Co., vs. Interstate Com. Com.* 162 U. S. 197.)

For the construction and operation of railways public franchises are granted, which permit the exercise of sovereign powers and the employment of governmental functions. It is only the public nature of the business that justifies the delegation of the power of eminent domain. Railway companies are not only entitled to charge tolls for the use of the facilities provided for transportation, but they are permitted to exact rates for the service rendered by them as common carriers. The distinction between rates and tolls is well worth noting. A toll is a charge for the use of the facilities provided, and is in a large measure based upon the weight and bulk of the vehicle or the commodity transported. Rates, on the other hand, are levied with greater regard to value, and the ability of the customer to pay, than to weight and bulk. Thus articles of light weight and high value are subjected to much greater rates than low grade commodities of large bulk and low value. Traffic officials will say that this is as it should be, since the value of the service is much greater with respect to high class articles than low grade commodities. This is doubtless true, but it simply emphasizes the essential difference between a rate and a toll. Railroads being monopolies authorized by the State to levy and collect rates with direct reference to the value of the article and the service, it is difficult to perceive the difference in principle between this power and that of taxation.

The Interstate Commerce Commission, in one of its annual reports to Congress, declared that railroad property was in a position to tax unjustly all other species of property; while the great Chief Justice Marshall voiced the great truth, that the power to tax involves the power to destroy.

Upon what principle can be justified the delegation of such transcendental and dangerous powers to other than governmental agencies? What assurance can be had against the abuse of those sovereign privileges when committed into private hands? When did monopoly, enjoying the sanction of authority, ever withhold its hand from oppression, when its own interests seemed to be concerned?

It would seem, then, that the government should withdraw these sovereign powers, and itself directly exercise these public functions, unless there are overwhelming reasons to the contrary.

As obvious as it may seem that transportation is a function of government, it is nevertheless historically true that prior to the advent of the railroads no government appears to have ever engaged in the general business of common carriage. It had always been considered the right and duty of the State to provide highways for travel and traffic; but even this privilege had sometimes been farmed out, as in the case of canals and toll roads. It had not been regarded as the duty of the State to furnish and operate the instruments of transportation. Perhaps, therefore, the statement that transportation is a governmental function, should be qualified and construed to mean that the furnishing of the means for transportation is the duty of the State, while the use and operation of the facilities provided may be left to private enterprise. It will still remain true that transportation is a public service, intimately affecting the happiness and welfare of the people; and hence the obligation rests upon the government to see that this service is adequately and efficiently performed, with due regard to the rights of the public. If it should become demonstrated that the railway companies cannot or will not measure up to the standard of this requirement, it may then become the duty of the government to take over the railroads and operate them in the public interest. Whether such an

emergency has arisen or will arise may well admit of differences of opinion.

The fact that the postal service is undoubtedly best performed by the government is illustrative, but by no means conclusive. The analogy between this service and that of general transportation fails at almost every point. In this case the old order is reversed; carriers furnish the facilities for transportation, while the government confines its agency to the conduct of the postal business.

The experience of the European States in the operation of railroads has hardly been sufficient to establish a precedent or furnish a safe guide in the solution of our problem. A number of these States publicly own and operate some of their railways, but none of them exclusively operates all of its railways. There is no extended system even in Germany, as the ownership resides, not in the imperial government, but in its several component States. The railroads of Prussia have proved a good investment from a financial standpoint; but like the other publicly owned German railways, they have not been efficiently operated in the interest of the public, and have been the subject of much political dissension as between the various localities served. In France comparatively few of the railways are directly owned and operated by the government, although a system has been inaugurated under which all of the railway lines will eventually fall under the ownership of the State. Without undertaking to present the situation in detail, it may be sufficient to say that the French government exercises such control over the making of rates as to render even small and desirable changes difficult to be made. Railroad rates in France are further adjusted with reference to tolls and rates on the waterways. All of this results in great rigidity in rates, and destroys liberal and efficient operation. In England the policy has been different. That government has never owned or operated any railroad, but has adopted a system of supervision and control that appears to be very satisfactory, both to the public and to the railway corporations.

In continental Europe, where governmental ownership to a large extent prevails, the conditions are so different from those

obtaining in America as would render a comparison of very little value. Their form of government and administration of its powers is opposed to our theories and practices. The numerous waterways have been so thoroughly developed and widely extended that a very large share of the traffic is, and always will be, carried by water. Traffic is much denser and the average haul is very short. The world-wide competition of commodities, which so greatly affects the American railways, has but little play in Europe. It therefore follows that the success of governmental ownership in Europe would not argue a like result in America; nor would its failure there be necessarily fatal to a like experiment here.

Turning now to the United States, it must be said that public ownership, in so far as it has been indulged in, has been very unsatisfactory. Without undertaking to trace or enumerate these efforts we will consider two prominent instances.

On the 4th day of July, 1836, a convention was held in the city of Knoxville, Tennessee, for the consideration of a proposition for the building of a great trunk line from Cincinnati and Louisville on the Ohio River to some point on the Atlantic coast. This convention was attended by delegates from the states of Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, North Carolina, and South Carolina. The route selected was from Cincinnati through Knoxville to Charleston, and charters were granted by the several states. For the purpose of connection with this great line, the state of Georgia provided for the building of a railroad with state funds from some point on the Tennessee River to a point on the southeast bank of the Chattahoochee River. The idea was to extend this line by fan-like branches to various points in the state of Georgia, so as to construct a state system of railroads to be owned and operated by the state. The original, or trunk, line was constructed and became the Western & Atlantic Railroad, extending from Atlanta to Chattanooga. In the meantime the state of Tennessee and her citizens were building the Hiawasse Railroad from Knoxville to a point of connection with the railroad proposed by the state of Georgia. This road is now that part of the Southern Railway system extending from Knoxville to Chattanooga.

The Western & Atlantic Railroad was operated by the state of Georgia from its inception until the year 1870. This operation of the road was never profitable to the state, nor satisfactory to the public. It was the constant subject of political controversy, resulting in the selection of operating officials by political favor rather than for their qualifications. Economic considerations were made to yield to political demands; efficiency was sacrificed, and on the whole the experiment, extending over a period of more than a quarter of a century, was a dismal failure. It gave rise in the late sixties to the greatest scandal and the worst corruption that had ever afflicted the state. The people in disgust repudiated further state control, and in 1870 leased the property to a private company for a period of twenty years. This private operation was so much more satisfactory that at the expiration of the term the property was again leased for an additional period of twenty-nine years, and is now being operated by the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway. The net rental received by the state is \$420,000 a year, or something more than \$3,000 a mile; a very neat return upon the value of the investment. This experience would seem to indicate that state ownership may be profitable from a financial standpoint, while public operation has proved an unquestioned failure.

The experience of the city of Cincinnati is very similar. For the purpose of extending its Southern trade, the city undertook the ambitious project of constructing its own railway from Cincinnati to Chattanooga, a distance of 336 miles, over the rough mountain country of Kentucky and Tennessee. This line was constructed at the enormous cost of \$20,500,000, including terminals. It is needless to say that in order to provide this large sum the city greatly burdened itself and incurred large obligations. When the line was opened to traffic there was great rejoicing in Cincinnati, and her merchants and citizens were convinced that the fruit of their daring enterprise would more than repay the burden assumed in its execution. Their optimistic expectations of the benefits of the result to them from the ownership of this great line of railway, extending into the heart of the South, were destined to receive a rude shock. After an unsatisfactory attempt at operation, the line was leased

to the Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas Pacific Railway Company. This company has for many years maintained freight rates considered by the Cincinnati shippers to be oppressive. Upon their complaint these rates were materially reduced in 1894 by the Interstate Commerce Commission; but this order was set aside by the Supreme Court upon the ground that the Commission then had no power to prescribe rates for the future. After this power had been conferred upon the Commission by the Hepburn Act, the shippers again presented their complaint. The Commission held that the rates asked for would afford a fair return to the railway company, but that in determining the reasonableness of rates between points served by two or more railways, the consideration should not be limited to what would yield a fair return to the most favorably situated line, but that regard should be had to the entire situation, and fair average rates be established. This order of the Commission has recently been concurred in and upheld by the new Court of Commerce. In the dissenting opinion of Judge Archbald, concurred in by Judge Mack, it was asserted that the shipper is entitled to the benefit of rates made with reference to the most favored line, "and is not to be tied down to the unprogressive and outdistanced past."

Whatever may be the law as finally declared by the Supreme Court, the fact remains that shippers continue to pay admittedly excessive rates over the line of this railway between Chattanooga and Cincinnati. It is true that Cincinnati, as the owner of the road, receives five per cent on the value of the investment, representing slightly more than \$3,000 a mile; but this is small compensation for the bitter disappointment of her merchants and shippers.

It thus happens that from Atlanta to Cincinnati there extends a publicly owned line of railway for the entire distance of 475 miles. It is nevertheless true that, while the investment yields a fair financial return to its owners, the shippers are not receiving the slightest benefit by reason of this public ownership.

The deduction from these cases is that while public ownership of railways may be financially profitable, their operation has not been successful, nor is it desirable. The experience of the state

of New York as the owner of the Erie Canal seems to confirm this conclusion. So satisfactory has been ownership without operation that New York is now wisely expending many millions of dollars in the improvement of this great waterway for the public use. It would be difficult to overestimate the economic value of this canal, thus publicly owned and used; and it must be apparent that much of its value would be impaired, if not destroyed, should this means of transportation fall into private possession.

The national government has never owned or operated a railway, so that there is no experience of the past to furnish a guide for the future. Directly or indirectly, through land grants, and the loan of credit, the government has contributed many hundreds of millions of dollars to railway construction by private companies. While the land grants in many instances may have to some extent been justified, the loan of the national credit to transcontinental lines has been the cause of much embarrassment and great scandal, as in the case of the *Credit Mobilier*.

Without extending this discussion I may be permitted to state briefly some of the arguments that oppose ownership and operation of the railways by the national government.

1. The tremendous political power that would inure to the administration is not to be lightly thought of. All experience points to the conclusion that political expediency, rather than the securing of operating efficiency, would largely control in the selection of the superior officers for the railway. These would naturally influence their subordinates in behalf of the political party to which allegiance was due, or from which after favors might be expected. An idea of the tremendous power of such a machine may be grasped when it is remembered that the capital invested in the railways is about six billion dollars, while their annual gross revenues approximate in amount all of the money in circulation. It would be manifestly impossible for any board or department of the government to exercise personal supervision over the conduct of the affairs of all of these railways; and hence the temptation to laxity and corruption among the officials and employees would be very great.

2. All competition would stand in danger of destruction, resulting in schedules of rates, which, however equal theoretically, would practically be too rigid to respond readily to changing conditions and the demands of commerce. Under the present regime competition between markets and commodities is an active and powerful factor in limiting charges and in promoting the transactions of commerce. As between the carriers themselves, while competition in the sense of rate-cutting, rebates, and preferences has been fortunately abolished, there still remains sharp competition between them in the matter of service. These benefits to the public doubtless would not survive governmental operation of the roads. Almost every city and locality considers that it is discriminated against; and the maintenance of the political equilibrium would demand the construction of such schedules as would deprive localities of their natural and acquired advantages, and deny both to private capital and individual enterprise the just fruits of their endeavor. This has been the experience in Germany. The postage stamp theory of rate construction cannot be applied to traffic in general.

3. Government ownership of the railroads would naturally carry with it the acquisition of the telegraph and telephone lines. I am not prepared to say that this in itself might not be beneficial; and I must admit that the operation of the postal service furnishes a precedent for a public service of this character, limited to the transmission of intelligence, and for which a uniform toll might perhaps be required.

The principle of governmental ownership of public utilities, however, being so far established, it would be an easy step for the government to acquire irrigation companies, water power plants, and other public service corporations engaged in a business affecting the general public. Federal creation and control of all large corporations engaged in interstate business would naturally be expected. Why, then, should not the government also control the sources of supply of the great natural products, such as coal, lumber, ores, and oil?

4. It is manifest that the indulgence of this theory leads directly to such a centralization of power, and such a variety of public obligation as violates all of our ideas of the rights and

duties of a representative government. Either socialism or imperialism would be the inevitable outcome. These great utilities, in order to be maintained with any degree of efficiency, must either be operated by and in the interest of the people themselves or by a strong government in the exertion of monarchical powers. The one is socialism; the other imperialism.

The enormous amount of capital required to own, and the vast number of people necessary to operate, these utilities would leave but little for the employment of individual enterprise. The rights and interests of private citizens would be subordinated to those of the large office-holding class.

These considerations impel the conclusion that governmental ownership of the railways is not desirable, but is a consummation devoutly to be avoided.

It remains to be considered whether ultimate governmental ownership is inevitable.

It has been demonstrated that the private operation of railways without legal restraint is not to the benefit of either the carriers or the public. For many years the railway companies were permitted to fix their own charges and indulge their own practices, subject only to the common law rule that the rates should be reasonable. There had been established no tribunal for the determination of what should be considered reasonable as a matter of law, or to prescribe maximum rates for the future. The common law rule against preferences and discriminations was generally and persistently ignored. The officials of the railway companies gave little heed to the public nature of the business, treating railways as the private property of their owners, to be operated and exploited primarily for their benefit. Theoretically the public interest was paramount; practically it was subordinated to the private interest of the owners. Under this system the evils that grew up became intolerable. Numerous states sought relief in the establishment of commissions for the regulations of rates; but as the jurisdiction of such commissions was confined to domestic rates, applying solely within the limits of the particular states, this remedy was not adequate. In 1886 the Act to Regulate Commerce was passed by Congress,

and the Interstate Commerce Commission was established, with jurisdiction over interstate transportation.

The carriers have always resented regulation and interference by the state with the conduct of their affairs, and they resisted this exertion of national authority. While the carriers had derived great benefits from the legislation of Congress on this subject, whenever an order of the Commission was made that did not meet with their approval it was refused obedience, and the effectiveness of the authority of the Commission was materially impaired by stubborn and protracted litigations on the part of the carriers. Recent legislation and late decisions of the Supreme Court have greatly strengthened the hands of the Commission; but the difficulties of regulation are still so great that unless the carriers shall change their attitude, forget their ancient prejudice, and cordially co-operate with the Commission, the ultimate effect of this federal regulation will remain doubtful.

The subject is one of great complexity and difficulty. With respect to their domestic or intra-state rates the carriers are subject to the control of the several states; while as to interstate rates the authority of the national government is both supreme and exclusive. This results in a divided authority, and undoubtedly hampers the freedom of traffic; and at the same time is a constant source of irritation to the carriers. The fact is that all traffic is so related as to constitute one fabric, which cannot be separated for purposes of regulation without an injury to the whole. The task is further complicated because of its great magnitude, and the diversity of conditions existing in various parts of the country.

The Commission now has and exercises the power of prescribing maximum rates for the future; and its administrative regulation of the methods and practices of carriers is being well and effectively exercised. The Supreme Court, however, has declared that the Commission is not the general manager of the railroads, and may not be influenced by consideration of policy that would be permissible to, and controlling upon, the carriers themselves in constructing their rates. That high Court has also very clearly intimated that if the government is to prescribe and limit the charges of common carriers there is implied a

reciprocal obligation to see to it that the carriers obtain a fair return upon the value of their investment. This is an intimation of grave moment, since the proposition if developed would lead to the guarantee by the government of some percentage of return; and in order to make good the guarantee it would be required to exercise such supervision as would be nearly equal to ownership.

As I view the situation I am driven to the conclusion that unless governmental regulation proves itself to be, and is accepted by the public as satisfactory and efficient, the only alternative is governmental ownership.

To meet this situation I have no remedy to offer, and but few suggestions to submit. It seems to me, however, that a nearer approach to the English system would be highly beneficial, if it should be found applicable to conditions existing in the United States. In England no railway is chartered or permitted to be built until after a commission of Parliament has made a thorough examination, and has become satisfied that the construction of the particular road is required in the public interest, and may be operated under reasonable rates at a profit to its owners. When this decision has been reached, all details regarding the construction must be submitted to and approved by the commission of Parliament; and no construction is permitted that does not measure up to the required standard. The regulation and control of the road and of its operation, by the Railway and Canal Commission, is very firm and strict. The highest quality of service is demanded. The English railway company calls for, loads, transports, unloads, and delivers to the consignee at his place of business all freights, whether in single packages or in carload lots. They also maintain at their principal stations large warehouses for the storage of goods of shippers for long periods of time and at a nominal cost. The result is that they furnish the most efficient and economic railway transportation of freight in the world. It has frequently been said, and doubtless the general impression prevails, that the English railroad rates are higher than those of America. This is a misconception. When the short haul and the high character of the service are considered, and when it is remem-

bered that the capital investment per mile in railways is about five times greater than in the United States, it can be understood that in truth the English rates are lower than those obtaining in America.

The suggestion I have is that the English standard of service be adopted, and that the railway companies be required to perform here, as they do there, all of the service pertaining to transportation now rendered by the express companies.

No new railway proposing to engage in interstate traffic, should be permitted to be constructed without the sanction of the government, after an inquiry similar to that conducted by the English Parliament. Existing lines that fall below the established standard should be required to supply the needed betterments. In return for the superior service exacted, the railway companies conforming to the standard should be permitted to make such charges as would in effect guarantee a low, but reasonably fair, return upon the value of the investment.

Railways that cannot afford to render the quality of service demanded should be allowed to meet the fate of the incompetent. There is neither good reason nor sound economy in imposing excessive rates on traffic in order that weak and unprofitable lines may continue to give an indifferent service. The place of small lines in rural districts can now be well supplied by the use of the electric trolley or gasoline motor. The inexorable law that the unfit shall not survive, should be permitted to prevail as well in transportation economics as in nature.

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LIFE AND THE SIMILE

"Like leaves on trees, the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
Another race the following spring supplies;
They fall successive, and successive rise.
So generations in their course decay.
So flourish these when those have passed away."

All power of comparison springs from experience. There is something more than mere artistry in the simile. Its great masters are also great masters of life. When the divine singer of the *Iliad*,—

"Whether he's Homer, or somebody else,"—

likens the race of man to the leaves on the trees; or when he paints the picture of the Achæans in the plain before Troy—the great battle-piece of which we never weary—it is knowledge of the life of men which is the source of his power. He is transferring to canvas the rich colors of experience: "And as the many tribes of feathered birds, wild geese or cranes or long-necked swans, on the Asian mead by Kaystrios' stream, fly hither and thither joying in their plumage, and with loud cries settle ever onwards, and the mead resounds; even so poured forth the many tribes of warriors from ships and huts into the Skamandrian plain. And the earth echoed terribly beneath the tread of men and horses. So stood they in the flowery Skamandrian plain, unnumbered as are the leaves and flowers in their season. Even as the many tribes of thick flies that hover about a herdsman's steading in the spring season, when milk drencheth the pails, even in like number stood the flowing-haired Achæians upon the plain in the face of the Trojans, eager to rend them asunder. And even as the goatherds easily divide the ranging flocks of goats when they mingle in the pasture, so did their captains marshal them on this side and on that, to enter into the fray."

The similst may be blind Mæonides, but he sees with the eye of abounding experience—the eye of individual experience, and the eye of the universal experience of the race for whom he sang.

Nor is the vision of the great similitist merely physical. If physical vision were all, then were every man a poet, and letters as full of similes as nature herself. The poet's vision transcends the limits of ordinary material existence, and reaches to the larger relations of nature and life. The wayfaring man may describe well enough for ordinary purposes the numbers of a multitudinous host encamped upon a plain: he that hath eyes to see, let him see; but only those possessed of the spiritual retina also, of the eye which feels as well as the eye which sees, can entertain the vision of the similitist in *Iliad* VIII: "But these with high hopes sate them all night along the highways of the battle, and their watchfires burned in multitude. Even as when in heaven the stars about the bright moon shine clear to see, when the air is windless, and all the peaks appear and the tall headlands and glades, and from heaven breaketh open the infinite air, and all stars are seen, and the shepherd's heart is glad; even in like multitude between the ships and the streams of Xanthos appeared the watchfires that the Trojans kindled in front of Ilios. A thousand fires burned in the plain and by the side of each sate fifty in the gleam of blazing fire. And the horses champ'd white barley and spelt, and standing by their chariots waited for the throned dawn."

I.

The poet is the guide and interpreter of life. Philosophy is the guide of life only because it, too, is poetry. Great poetry is full of great similes, formal or implied; and of all similes, the greatest and most human are those of which one member is human life.

The similitist of life lets us see human existence from above. He has caught the vision of the Alpha and Omega of life, the beginning and the end. He stands on the heights of life's experience — his own experience made universal by mysterious and God-given participation in the total experience of the race — and looks down upon foothill and valley and stream and plain below as a unified expanse. The loftier the height from which he gazes, the more comprehensive is the vision, the more perfect the unity of what he sees; but whether he look down from

the highest peak, or from the lower mountain-side, or from the little foothills, it is unity which he beholds. He contemplates life as a whole.

"Like the leaves of the springtime," says melancholy Mimnermus, in far-off Colophon, scanning the landscape of human existence from one of the lesser heights of Hellenic Experience; "we are like the leaves which the season of many-flowered spring puts forth, and are straightway withered by the beams of the sun." "We all do fade as a leaf," cries rapt Isaiah, from a Hebrew mount.

"Like grass," hymns the Psalmist; "like the flower of the field. . . . In the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth. . . . As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more." And the Apostle echoes: "For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away." And the lover and his lass chime in, careless of the meaning of words, after the manner of youth—

"This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey no nino,
How that life was but a flower. . . ."

Or, life is like clay in the hands of the potter: "We are the clay, and thou our potter," cries Isaiah. "Remember that thou hast made me as the clay," is Job's pathetic plaint, "and wilt thou bring me into dust again?"

"Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,
That stood along the floor and by the wall;
And some loquacious Vessels were; and some
Listened perhaps, but never talked at all.

"Whereat some one of the loquacious Lot—
I think a Sûfi pipkin—waxing hot—
'All this of Pot and Potter—Tell me, then,
'Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?'"

And yet, broken Pots may survive, if only in fragments. Clay is substantial and imperishable, after all. Life may appear

to the similitude more fragile, insubstantial, and transient. It is a bubble:—

“And fear not lest Existence closing your
Account, and mine, should know the like no more;
The Eternal Sáki from that Bowl has poured
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour;”

or the casting of a pebble into the sea of universal and infinite being:—

“When You and I behind the Veil are past,
Oh, but the long, long while the world shall last,
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
As the Sea's self should heed a pebble-cast;”

or a momentary halt on the caravan route of infinite Nothing:—

“A moment's Halt—a momentary taste
Of BEING from the Well amid the Waste—
And Lo!—the phantom Caravan has reached
The NOTHING it set out from—Oh, make haste!”—

or, as the Venerable Bede sees it: life is the swift flight of a swallow, darting from nocturnal darkness through the open window and across the dazzling space of a brilliantly lighted banquet hall, and out through the opposite casement again into the eternal void; or, mortal man is

“An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light.”

“My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle,” wails the afflicted Job, “and are spent without hope. . . . Now my days are swifter than a post: they flee away, they see no good. They are passed away as the swift ships: as the eagle that hasteneth to the prey. . . . As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away: so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more. . . . For we are but of yesterday, and know nothing, because our days upon earth are but a shadow . . . He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not . . . As the waters fall from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up: so man lieth down, and riseth not.”

And other holy seers that tuned the sacred lyre. Cried Hosea, with the eloquence of inspiration: “Therefore they shall be as the morning cloud, and as the early dew that passeth away,

as the chaff that is driven with the whirlwind out of the floor, and as the smoke out of the chimney."

Here is insubstantiality in comparison with which the clay, the flower, the grass, and the leaf are of many days and full of substance. And yet the similitist is not incapable of still more striking vision. Human existence is a dream. There is old Prospero to tell us that

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

"He shall fly away as a dream, and shall not be found," again speaks Job; "yea, he shall be chased away as a vision of the night." Or, life is like water, or wind. "O remember that my life is wind."

"Into this Universe, and *why* not knowing
Nor *whence*, like water willy-nilly flowing;
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not *whither*, willy-nilly blowing."

And it is not only as ethereal and evanescent as wind, but its vicissitudes are imaged by the voices of the wind:

"But Prince Siddartha heard the Devas play,
And to his ears they sang such words as these:
'We are the voices of the wandering wind,
Which moan for rest, and rest can never find;
Lo as the wind is, so is mortal life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.'"

It is more insubstantial still. It is a shadow. "Who knoweth what is good for man in this life," saith the Preacher, "all the days of his vain life which he spendeth as a shadow? Neither shall he prolong his days which are as a shadow" "I am gone like the shadow when it declineth," sings the Psalmist. . . . "Man is like to vanity: his days are as a shadow that passeth away."

"We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with the Sun-illuminated Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show."

And yet, not even the shadow is the extreme of insubstantiality. To Sophocles, life appeared not only as a shadow, but as

the shadow of smoke. Pindar saw it as the dream of a shadow. To Aeschylus it was the image of smoke in a mirror. Surely, beyond this evanescence could not go.

II.

Beautiful and sympathetic figures, all of them—from the fading leaf and the flower of the field to the shadow in the brain of the dreamer. Nothing could better express the sense of the brevity, evanescence, and helplessness of human existence which is universal among men. Vanity of vanities, saith the similit; all is vanity.

But the similit here, like the Preacher himself, is looking down upon life from no very great height. He sees unity in the landscape, but the range of his vision is limited. There is something less than perfect health in his figures; the gentle and agreeable melancholy of which they are the harmless offspring might easily turn into pessimism. To think of oneself as the one of millions of bubbles of Omar is innocent enough in its effect; it only adds to a certain genial sense of the insignificance of human life which is not far removed from actual enjoyment; but the result is different when Schopenhauer employs the same figure, and tells us that "life, in short, is a soap-bubble which we blow out as long and as large as possible, though each of us knows perfectly well it must sooner or later burst."

At their best, these are the similes of contemplation rather than of action; of passivity rather than activity; from the foothills rather than the great heights. To carouse with Iago:—

"And let me the canakin clink;
A soldier's a man;
Why, then let a soldier drink!"—

is not absolute vigor and sanity; or to lament with Lewis, the Dauphin:—

"Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale;"

or with Hotspur:—

"But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;"

or to cry out in despair:—

"The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of;"

or to reason thus with life:—

“If I do love thee, I do love a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences
That dost this habitation where thou keepst
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;”

or to declaim:—

“Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing;”

or to echo Thomas Knox:—

“O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-flying meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave;”

or to say with the arch-jester Aristophanes:—

“Ye children of man! whose life is a span,
Protracted with sorrow from day to day,
Naked and featherless, feeble and querulous,
Sickly, calamitous creatures of clay.

All this has a suspicion of morbidity in it, and might easily take the ruddiness out of the native hue of resolution and sickly it o'er with a pale cast of thought.

III.

More to be desired are the visions from farther up the mountain-side—the vigorous and full-blooded similes that spring from familiarity with enterprises of great pith and moment, and are pregnant with vital experience, and the wisdom of action rather than of contemplation, and inspire our greater hope. Old Duncan in his grave, sleeping well after life's fitful fever, is a better figure than life a walking shadow. The vision of Eliphaz the Temanite is truer and more healthful than those of his mournful friend: “Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season;” and the author of the psalm conceived with wholesome sanity: “And he shall be like

a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season;" or the lord who saw in life a web: "The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together;" or Celia, seeing in it a pilgrimage:—

"Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;"

or Timon, discoursing on the incident throes

"That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage;"

or the voice from the Greek Anthology: "Life is a dangerous voyage; for tempest-tossed in it we often strike rocks more pitifully than shipwrecked men; and having Chance as a pilot of life, we sail doubtfully as on the sea, some on a fair voyage, and others contrariwise; yet all alike we put into the one anchorage under earth;" or, better still, Michael to Adam:—

"So mayst thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, and be with ease
Gathered, not harshly plucked, for death mature."

Of those who have caught the comprehensive vision, none has seen more clearly than the least mortal mind of Rome. With healthy, well-tempered purity of feeling, the ancient and aged orator looks down from the summit of a high mountain upon the panorama of life. Life is a stream; life is a drama written by the hand of nature, the composer who never grows careless in the last act; life is like the fruit on the tree, which has its blossoming, its greenness and growth, its ripening, mellowing, and falling stages; it is like a fire, which rises, burns fiercely, spends itself, and turns to ash of its own accord; it is a lamp, which flickers and goes out in old age unless constantly fed with oil; or it is picket duty, whence to withdraw is forbidden, unless by order of the Great Emperor, that is, God; or it is a voyage in which everyone has his appointed duty, and the final sight of land and the sailing into the long expected harbor bring with them joy; or it is a race, at the finish of which no man wishes to be called back to the starting line; or it is a brief sojourn at

an inn before continuing an eternal journey; or a year with its natural seasons, each with its own peculiar richness; or, best of all, it is the playing of a drama in which the actor is privileged, if he is of the proper stuff, to make a reputation for all the play in the very first act: "Nor need the actor play the play to the end in order to please; let him only prove himself in whatever act he does appear. A brief space of time suffices for the living of life honorably and well. The wise man need not keep on to the *Plaudite*."

Is it accident that not one of these figures bears the least mark of triviality or ill health? No; the guide is looking down upon more than three score years' experience. He sees the valleys and the plains and foothills, the line of his progress, and could tell you all about the details of the panorama; but he also sees it as a unity. He has lived the four seasons of life; many a time in this most stormy of Rome's periods he has seen the powerful flame of life quenched in floods of water; he knows the necessity of feeding the lamp if all delight in life is not to vanish; he has run the long race, seen abundant hardship on the picket duty of the patriot's life, has in his time played many parts; and now, after the sixty-two years of stormy voyage, already feels the repose that settles on the soul of the voyageur as the far distant shadowy shore begins to take on outline, and he descries the arms of the friendly harbor.

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THE RETURN OF THE DEAD IN BALLAD LITERATURE

Had the folk of the ballad world been so minded, they might have denied all reason in Macbeth's impatient, despairing protest,—

“The times have been
That when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there were an end.”—

For the ballad folk belonged to the ancient of days, reaching far back into dim, undiscoverable beginnings, and in their long lease of life they had seen the trammels of the grave broken too often to warrant any reasonable expectation that the corpse they were bearing to its interment would lie quietly in its grave until the judgment day. This return of the dead to the upper world, however, is not to be confused with the resurrection to life of which Lazarus bears witness; nor is it to be considered identical with the visitations of those airy shapes called ghosts, such as Laodamia strove in vain to clasp, and such as revisiting “the glimpses of the moon” made night a hideous joy to our boyhood imaginations. Rather in the “gross and scope of the phrase” lives the notion of a temporary sojourn among the living of the body itself, moving to all appearances in the likeness of its owner before he “entered the famous nations of the dead and slept with princes and counsellors.”

But it was not an arbitrary whim which led the dead to forsake their graves and break the diuturnity of their repose to mingle again with their earthly associates. Both their reappearance and the nature of their manifestations were subject to inexorable laws. Among the current beliefs affecting the conduct of the dead, the one which appealed most widely to the primitive mind is that once having “shuffled off this mortal coil” the dead wholly decline to reappear on earth of their own accord. In other words, they crave above all things to be allowed to rest undisturbed. Hence the Hungarian proverb, “good souls do not wish to come back, the bad ones are not permitted to,” should be modified to neither good nor bad wish to return. So

strong is their desire to sleep "after life's fitful fever" that they resent any action on the part of those left behind which necessitates their reappearance among the living, in some instances to the extent that they seek to be revenged on such, however dear may have been the former ties between them, who were so inconsiderate as to vex their repose. But this eternal rest follows only upon complete severance of all bonds with human beings or upon a satisfaction of all obligations.

They are bound to respond to appeals for aid from friends in embarrassment or in danger; they must see to it that evil conduct on the part of relatives has been exposed and reproved; that plighted troths have been revoked; that all atonements or restitutions have been made; that all claims for vengeance have been satisfied; and above all, that inordinate, unreasoning grief be restrained.

The belief held by the ballad folk concerning the abode of the dead is not that of a common herding-ground, nor that of an apportionment of celestial joys or of infernal pains. In place of being dispatched to the Elysian fields or to Tartarus or to Sheol, the dead remained in the mound where they were placed; and there they were to be sought for if wanted. Hence theirs was not a "bourne from which no traveller returns," a region into which an Odysseus, an Æneas, or a Dante gained access through divine favor. Accordingly St. Gertrude, in the Danish ballad of that name,¹ when in need of assistance from her dead foster-father to regain her lost lands, repairs to his burial mound and there by means of "staff and book" (which are probably Christian substitutes for the stick carved with runes) invokes his aid:—

10. The dead man stretched his long leg-bone,
And rent the walls and marble stone.
11. 'Twas far to go, the pathway straight,
And slow and shambling the dead man's gait.
12. In through the door the dead man stepped;
The living all to corners crept.

¹ Grundtvig, *Danmarks gamle Folkeviser*, No 93. Translated by Prior, *Ancient Danish Ballads*, Vol. II.

13. All but the guilty count had fled,
But he stood up and fought the dead.

14. In two the dead man broke his back,
In three he made his leg-bone crack.

Young Swendal,² like Killhwch in the *Mabinogion*, has the wierd laid on him of being forever divorced from slumber until he has met and freed a certain maiden lying under enchantment. His unrest draws him to his mother's tomb, upon which he showers down blows until she cries out:—

8. "Who is it here disturbs my sleep?
Who deals these heavy blows?
And may I not in peaceful sleep
E'en in the grave repose?"

When she learns of the spells that bind him, she bestows on him three gifts which enable him to win to his heart's desire.

The same recourse for aid is had in *Child Orm and the Berm Giant*,³ which relates how Orm, desiring to get possession of the sword "Birthing," which lies buried with his father Sigfred, goes to the tomb of the dead man and there pounds the walls until they shake. Its occupant demands to know the cause of the uproar, whereupon Orm makes request for "Birthing," which is essential to his winning a lovely maiden. Upon his father's refusal to render it up, Orm threatens to crush both the tomb and him that lies within it, and thereby compels the dead man to hand out the weapon.

This release from difficulty which the dead alone are able to effect is the theme of many a passage in the Old Norse lays. In the *Sjúrtharkvæthi*,⁴ Virgar Valintsson, the standard-bearer of Thidreck, finds it necessary to disturb the sleep of his foster-father. From within the tomb comes the sound of gnashing of teeth; then a voice cries out: "Who has come to my tomb to awaken the dead?" "Are you awake in the tomb, foster-father? It is I, Virgar Valintsson, your foster-son." "Although you are my foster-son, and I your dear father, yet mountains and valleys

² Grundtvig, l.c., No. 70; Prior, l.c., Vol. II.

³ Grundtvig, No. 11; Prior, Vol. I.

⁴ Hammershaimb, Copenh., 1851.

would stand agape rather than that I should depart this autumn." The son then asks for his sword and threatens to set fire to the tomb. Valint, partly from fear and partly from gratification at seeing his son so courageous, passes out the famous sword.

Even Odin, the All-High One, the Father of Gods, is not exempt from similar measures when in difficulty. Alarmed at the omens portending the death of Balder, he rides down to Hel, where he seeks out the grave of a Vala. By chanting magic songs and applying potent runes he forces the aged prophetess to unveil for him the future. It is with great reluctance, however, that she suffers herself to be evoked. "Who is this unknown," she calls out, "that dares disturb my repose and drag me from the grave, where I have lain so long, all covered with snow and damp with rain?"⁵

The most awe-inspiring of all such passages is found in the *Hervorar Saga*—*The Awakening of Angantyr*—a poem replete with mystery and terror. Hervor, who is burning with desire to avenge her father's death, journeys to the dreaded isle where he lies buried, surrounded by deathfires and the restless dead, to procure that most renowned of all Northern weapons, the sword Tyrting, which was forged by the dwarves and invested with the curse that, although it would never fail to claim a victim when drawn, yet it would prove to be the bane of its possessor. Arrived at the tomb she calls out: "Awake, Angantyr! It is Hervor that bids thee awake. Give me the sword of the dwarves. Hervard, Hiörvard, Rani, Angantyr! I bid you all awake." Her father makes reply from the grave, denying first that the sword lies in his barrow, and then refusing to surrender the weapon because of the curse that falls upon all who bear it. Finally, however, to prevent her from rushing into the flame-enveloped howe, he yields to her prayers.

Interesting in this connection on account of its far remove from the style and matter of the ballad is the twenty-eighth chapter of *First Samuel*, which tells of Saul's resort to necromancy in order to discover the future. Full of inquietude over the impending

⁵ *Vegtamskvitha*, Simrock, *Die Edda*; paraphrased by Gray in *Descent of Odin*.

battle at Gilboa, he searches out a woman "who hath a familiar spirit," the witch of Endor: "'Whom shall I bring up to thee?' And he said, 'Bring me up Samuel.' And when the woman saw Samuel she cried with a loud voice. . . . And the King said unto her, 'Be not afraid; for what sawest thou?' And the woman said unto Saul, 'I saw a god ascending out of the earth.' And he said unto her, 'What form is he of?' And she said: 'An old man cometh up and he is covered with a mantle.' And Saul perceived that it was Samuel, and he stooped with his face to the ground, and bowed himself. And Samuel said to Saul: 'Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up?'" In common with his fellow dead, Samuel's first words voice his resentment at being disturbed, and his object in replying to the queries put to him is probably identical with that of the other dead, namely, a desire to remove all obstacles to unconditional repose. Be it noted, however, that, as far as we can judge, he appears as an apparition, unsubstantial as any fantasy, and that he must be invoked through an intermediary. According to the Hebrew conception the realms of the living and of the dead lay far apart, the supernatural beings are not of so concrete a character as are those of the ballads and the Edda, and they seem to stand outside of the causal relations obtaining on earth.⁶

⁶In certain respects the Hebrew of the Old Testament is not wholly a stranger to the beliefs touching the affinity of body and soul after death observable in the ballads. For him there was not a complete divorce of the two; for him the soul was not a prisoner in the body; in fact, it constituted the material basis of the body. As it runs in *Leviticus*, xvii. 11: "For the life of the flesh is in the blood;" verse 14: "For it is the life of all flesh; the blood of it is for the life thereof." Hence arises the injunction against eating blood. The Hebrew thought of resurrection as a revivifying of the blood, a resuscitation of the flesh, a resurrection of the body. To the Homeric Greek the body was all in all, the soul but a faint shadow. That the popular religion of ancient Greece did not regard death as holding the body and soul irrevocably apart may be gathered from a number of passages in the dramatists. Electra, after bidding her sister lay a lock of hair on Agamemnon's tomb, urges: "And falling at his tomb beseech him to come from out the earth in his own strength a kindly helper unto us against his foes." (*Soph. Electra*, 453-4.) Again Orestes exclaims: "O Earth, send up, I pray thee, my father to watch over my fight;" and Electra adds: "O Persephone, grant thou him still his body's strength unmarred." (*Aesch. Choeph.*, 480-1.)

The form of the story in which the living seek out the dead at their tomb finds no expression in the English ballads. Not so, however, with the type which would appear to materialize a guilty conscience by bringing the dead back to earth in order to expose murder and to rescue from evil conduct. Proud Lady Margaret,⁷ while walking on her castle wall, spies a knight come riding over the lea. When he announces to her that he has come to seek her love, she poses him, according to her practice, with riddling questions. These he answers and, upon her confession of defeat, he informs her that he is her brother Willy who has come back from the grave to humble her proud heart, which "has gard sae mony die." Her proposal to share with him his grave is refused because of her "unwashen hands and her unwashen feet." In the *Cruel Mother*⁸ two pretty babes playing at the ba' awaken the mother love of a maid who is just returning from the labor of howking out a grave for her own illegitimate children, and she exclaims:—

"O bonnie babes, gin you were mine,
I would dress you up in satin fine."

The children reply:—

"O cruel mother, we were thine,
And thou hast made us wear the twine."

The revelation of murder is accomplished in the ballad of *Sir Hugh, or the Jew's Daughter*,⁹ the tale immortalized by Chaucer as the *Prioress's Tale*, by the voice of Hugh speaking from the bottom of a well, into which he has been thrown. In the *Two Sisters*¹⁰ the evil deed is exposed by means of metempsychosis. Out of jealousy, exaggerated by taunts, an elder sister has pushed the younger into the sea, and remains deaf to all promises and entreaties of the drowning girl. Later a strolling harper finds the body and takes three strands of her yellow hair with which he strings his harp. At the wedding of the elder sister with the betrothed of the younger, the harp strings one by one reveal the guilt.

⁷ Child, *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, No. 47.

⁸ Child, No. 20.

⁹ Child, No. 155.

¹⁰ Child, No. 10.

The most beautiful and affecting ballad of this class is the *Buried Mother*.¹¹ Unable to lie quietly in her grave because of the cries of her children, whom her successor maltreats, the dead mother craves permission from God to return to "middle-earth." When she reaches the scene of her former activities, she resumes her maternal duties and ministers to the wants of her offspring, combing their hair and giving suck to the youngest. She sends for her husband and, when he comes into her presence, she chides him angrily for his neglect, warning him that if it be necessary for her to repeat her visit, it will fare the worse with him.

The hindrance of a plighted troth to complete severance from the upper world will be recalled by readers of the story Scott tells in his advertisement to the *Pirate* of a young girl who travelled from the North down to London in order that, by touching the body of her dead lover, she might be assured of freedom from nocturnal visits. In the ballad of *Sweet William's Ghost*,¹² it is the dead lover who seeks out his true love to get back his troth. Margaret, hearing some one "tirling at the pin," calls out to know who is there, and, when she learns that it is Willy "from Scotland new come home," she welcomes him in. His first words are a prayer that she return him the troth plighted between them, and, upon her refusal, he informs her that he is no earthly man, but that his bones lie buried "in yonder kirkyard." She then stretches forth her hand and restores to him his faith and troth and wishes his good soul rest. Like Lenore, she follows him "the livelong winter night" to his grave, where, unlike Lenore, who sought to escape, she begs that she might come in and lie at his feet or at his side. But his coffin "is made so meet" that there is no room for her. At the crowing of the cock, he fades away into the grave, and Margaret, true to good ballad convention, yields up her spirit soon after.

The recollection of an injustice committed during lifetime and remaining unatoned drives Sir Morten of Fogelsong¹³ out of

¹¹ Grundtvig, No. 89.

¹² Child, No. 77.

¹³ Grundtvig, No. 92; Prior, Vol. I.

his tomb, and, though he had given his gold to the church and his horse to the cloister and he himself has been buried with all the funeral rites, forces him at midnight to be up and riding. Meeting with Sir Folmer Skjot, he unbosoms himself of the wrong he has done in withholding a plot of ground from two orphans. Agreeable to his request, Sir Folmer promises to tell Lady Metelille that she is to restore the field to the rightful owners, and thus allows Sir Morten's soul to obtain the rest it has yearned for. Then—

All in black Sir Morten went
Down to his dark abode,
And black were both his hawk and hound,
And troop that with him rode.
—*Dead Rides Sir Morten of Fogelsong.*

The desire for vengeance was no more imperative to the "majesty of buried Denmark" than it was to Hedeby.¹⁴ Appearing to one of his kin, while the latter lay asleep with his head resting on a mound (presumably the barrow of the murdered Hedeby), he charges him to set to rights his case, and reveals how his wife encompassed his death by stifling him upon his silken bed, how they rolled him in haybands and cast him out on the wold, how his trusty squire now rides his horse, carves with his knife, sleeps with his wife, mocks at his children, and chases his deer. If the sleeper refuses to enter upon this duty, then he himself will undertake vengeance, and it be all the more terrible.

Desire for vengeance, necromancy, and the might of runes combined are scarcely more effectual in drawing back to earthly scenes the sleeping dead than is obstinate grief, and nothing else arouses their resentment so particularly. Usually it means that the luckless wight finds his coffin untenable, that he must pull himself together, climb out of his grave, and trudge many weary miles, sometimes with his coffin upon his back, for no other purpose than to rebuke the selfish mourner. Whether or not the three dead sons of the Wife of Usher's Well¹⁵ return home because of the mother's curse upon the sea that drowned

¹⁴ Grundtvig, No. 91; Prior, Vol. III.

¹⁵ Child, No. 79.

them, or in response to the call of grief, or in answer to prayer, cannot be definitely answered. In this instance motivation would add nothing to the simple dignity of the story. Once they are home, maternal love, secure in the possession of its objects, and blind to the inexorable laws of the grave, leaves nothing undone that will minister to their bodily comfort. But at the crowing of the cock, they are up and away, their last words, not a reproof, but a blessing. Such constancy of love, however, as leads the young man in the lyrical ballad of *The Unquiet Grave*¹⁶ to sit and mourn at his true-love's tomb for a "twelvemonth and a day" meets with the disapproval of the dead. At the expiration of that time she calls out:—

"Oh who sits weeping on my grave,
And will not let me sleep?"

She then rebukes his importunity and, in accordance with the notion that contact with the dead is fatal, warns him that one kiss of her "cold-clay lips" would shorten his days.

In the ballads just discussed the impediment which tears place in the way of eternal rest is moral in nature, suggesting that the spirit is lying dormant in the body, but still *en rapport* with states of mind animating the surviving kindred, and responsive to ties binding human beings together. Inasmuch as balladists are ever wont to portray emotion under the guise of objective symbolism, as if they saw abstractions "through a glass darkly," and were able to project perceptions into general consciousness only through the medium of attendant circumstances, may not the more primitive concept be that of a gross, material force which affected the body disagreeably, causing it to be astir in order to shake off the annoyance? An illustration of the physical effect of grief lies to hand in the common belief that tears wet the shroud or grave-clothes. One of Grimm's tales relates how a dead boy appears to his mother begging her to cease crying, for all her tears fall on his shirt, making it so wet that he is unable to sleep. A pretty variant of this story occurs in the German ballad of *Die Macht der Thränen*.¹⁷ A bereaved mother, who like Rachel would not be comforted, has sight of a proces-

¹⁶ Child, No. 78.

¹⁷ Mittler, *Deutsche Volkslieder*, No. 557.

sion of children going by all dressed in white, with Christ at their head and her own son lagging far behind. Full of grief at the sight she rushes over to him and cries :—

“Was machts du hier, mein liebes Kind,
Das du nicht bist bei Haufen?”

“Ach Mutter, liebste Mutter mein,
Die Freud' muss ich entbehren,
Hier hab' ich ein sehr grossen Krug
Muss sammeln eure Thränen.”

This belief in the “Macht der Thränen” is not peculiar to European peoples. In an East Indian story a wise man tells the king that “the incessant tears of kinsfolk harm the dead.” Another belief is that the dead are obliged to swallow the rheum and tears of their weeping relatives.

Peculiarly northern, so it seems, is the portrayal of the might of tears in the Danish ballad of *Sir Aage and Else*,¹⁸ a ballad which is introduced by Öhlenschläger in the final scene of his drama *Axel and Walborg* to heighten the pathos of Walborg's death. Like Sweet William of the English ballad, like Wilhelm of *Lenore*, Sir Aage died before the wedding took place. The insistent grief of Else raises him out of his grave, and, with his coffin on his back, he staggers forth to the home of his betrothed, where he raps on the door, using as a knocker the press he bears, and calling to Else to let him in. She, doubting at first whether it be Sir Aage, admits him on condition that he prove himself to be a spirit of health by naming the name of Jesus.

Then spoke up little Elselille
With tearful mien :

“An you can name the name of Jesus,
You may come in.”

“Get up, get up, proud Elselille,
And ope the door!
I can name the name of Jesus as well
As I could before.”

Thereupon she welcomes him in. Weeping all the while, she combs his hair and questions him concerning his dark abode.

¹⁸ Grundtvig, No. 90.

And in verses which have an inherent healing power of wonderful strength, he answers:—

“As often as you do weep for me,
And sad your mood,
Then stands my narrow coffin filled
With clotted blood.

“As often as you sing,
And glad your mind,
Then is my narrow grave within
With rose-leaves lined.”

The “herald of the morn” forces him to plod back to his grave, followed by Else. Here he enjoins on her to cease lamenting, and then he vanishes from her sight. Ere the month is over she herself is dead.

The superstition of tears turning to blood is repeated in the second *Lay of Helgi Hundingsbani*,¹⁹ in a passage remarkable for its intensity of imagination. Helgi, the betrothed of Sigrun, has met his death at the hands of Dag, the brother of Sigrun, and, after having been duly laid away in his barrow, has gone to Valhalla. One evening Sigrun, who has bewailed her lover incessantly, is informed by her maid that Helgi with a troop of horsemen was seen by her riding toward his mound, which stood wide open. Sigrun seeks Helgi at his tomb, and greets him with kisses, saying: “Thy hair, Helgi, is tumid with sweat of death, my prince is all bathed in slaughter-dew, cold and clammy are the hands of Högni’s son. How shall I, prince, for this make thee amends?” Helgi replies: “Thou alone art the cause . . . Thou weepest cruel tears . . . ere to sleep thou goest, each one falls bloody on the prince’s breast, wet, cold, and piercing, with sorrow big.” Sigrun then spends the night in Helgi’s arms; and the next night Sigrun went again to the barrow, but Helgi came not. Soon after she died of sorrow and longing.

The French ballad of *Le Retour du Cavalier*²⁰ brings us nearer to the Lenore type. A knight, who on the day of his wedding was called away to war, returns at the end of seven years’ time

¹⁹ Thorp, *Edda of Seamund*, Part II, pp. 126 ff.

²⁰ Tarbé, *Romancero de Champagne*, II.

to find his betrothed celebrating her espousals with another man. In the character of a stranger he is admitted to the wedding feast, where he astounds all present with a proposal to determine by the cards and dice who shall possess the bride for the night. This leads to his recognition, though his eyes are hollow and flaming. He goes with the bride to her chamber to look at the jewels he gave her seven years ago, but neither ever reappears to the waiting guests. All that is found is a cold shroud lying on the chamber-floor. Still closer to the Lenore ballad, though set off from all others by its Celtic termination, is the Breton ballad known in French as *Le Frere du Lait*.²¹ Gwen-nola, who has pledged her faith to the Frere du Lait six years before, is to be married against her will to a stable-boy, and to escape such a fate, she steals away to a neighboring village, where she sits alone overwhelmed with grief. One night the Frere du Lait appears at her door with a horse to convey her to his home. The nocturnal ride that follows is quite as impressive in its unearthly suggestions as that of any similar ballad. Finally the horse gives a shiver and a neigh, and the riders find themselves on an island, which proves to be the Island of the Blessed, the Celtic paradise.

Ballads of the type of *Der Todte Freier*,²² which want both the beginning and the ending of the Lenore ballads, I pass over to take up the Lenore ballads proper.

It would be out of place to discuss here in detail the popular impulse leading to the composition of the deservedly famous ballad of Lenore.²³ Bürger, in his correspondence, acknowledged his indebtedness for the germ of the poem to a Low-German story of a phantom knight who returns to carry off his mourning true-love. The tale had lost its metrical form, preserving in verse only the lines—

Wo lise, wo lose
Rege hei den Ring,—

and the refrain—

²¹ Villemarqué, *Barzaz-Breiz*, I, p. 279.

²² Mittler, Nos. 543, 544, 545.

²³ See Bonet-Maury, *Bürger et les origines anglaises de la ballade littéraire en Allemagne*; Schmidt, Erich, *Characteristiken Bürger's Lenore*.

Der Mond shynt so helle,
 De Dot de ritt so schnelle,
 Mye Gretjen, guet Dy nit?

Bürger had little idea, however, that the roots of this legend extended into every European country; that it is to be found in all the German provinces, in the Dutch, Austrian, Magyar, Slavish, and Balkan lands, and in Greece, and that, with the exception of the Balkan and Greek versions, which substitute another feature, in all occur the lines which had such an irresistible charm for him —

"Der Mond scheint hell,
 Der Todte reit't schnell,
 Feinsliebchen, grauets dir?"
 "Und warum sollt mirs grauen?
 Ist doch Feinslieb mit mir?"

The basic idea of the Lenore *märchen* is that the lover, who, as a rule, has met his death in battle, is freed from his grave by the unceasing laments of his betrothed, or as in the Magyar form, by magic, to ride back to his true-love's door, where he is joyfully received by the maiden, who is all unwitting of his death. He commands her to mount quickly behind him, for they must ride a hundred miles or more to his home. During the ride the infernal nature of her lover gradually dawns upon her, being completely revealed at the grave to which he, in a spirit of revenge, wishes to consign her. Here the Germanic and Slavish versions part company. Bürger, following one of the traditions of his fatherland, makes Lenore suffer the penalty of her obstinate grief by entombing her with her wrathful lover; but he veneers his conclusion with the unpopular sentiment of her fate being a judgment rendered by God for blasphemy.²⁴

For realism, savage energy, and gruesome detail, all versions of the legend fall short of the Slavish. As a specimen of a popular conception of the story unfamiliar to the majority of readers I shall give in detail a translation from the German of a version found in Little Russia:²⁵—

²⁴ Liebrecht, *Zur Volkskunde*, p. 197, thinks that the return of a dead man to fetch his true-love may have originated in the old custom of burying the living wife with the dead husband.

²⁵ Wollner, W., *Der Lenorenstoff in der slavischen Volkspoesie*, Arch. f. slav. Phil., VI, 239 ff.

A young man loved a girl. He had to make a journey, and on the way he died. She grew so fearful for him—O God—and yearned after him and grieved from early morning till night. One midnight there came the Cossack himself upon a gray horse. She thought he was still living, out she sprang and embraced him and kissed and kissed him—and is so glad! "I thought," said she, "that you were no longer alive, you never came to see me!" But he said: "I have come after you, come with me, and let us fare to another place." They made themselves ready, carried everything out to a wagon,—box, clothes, chest—in short all they had, got upon the wagon and drove away. They drive and drive, then said he: "*Der Mond scheint, die Geister tanzen, der Todte fährt das schöne Mädchen. Mädchen, Mädchen, fürchtest du dich denn nicht?*" he asked. But she said: "What mean you?" "Ah," he answered, "I say that we have far enough to go, it is yet dark and the way is unfamiliar." And again he said: "*Der Mond scheint, die Geister tanzen, der Todte fährt das schöne Mädchen. Mädchen, Mädchen, fürchtest du dich denn nicht?*" The maiden understood it well enough, a cold shiver ran over her, but she merely asked: "Is it yet far to the village, Cossack?" But he said: "You see already the chimneys" "But those are not chimneys, those are crosses!" And the maiden sees indeed a churchyard with its crosses ahead of her. She becomes terrified, the poor worm, and sits in the wagon more dead than alive. They arrive at the churchyard and he said to her: "Well," said he, "now just creep into this little hole, the grave, since you have wept so much. Creep in now, since you have wept for me so much." "You creep in first," said she, "you have been here before but I have never been here yet—I have had no experience with such a place, I will then hand you the stuff." He crept in, she handed him the clothes, and as she was reaching him the box, she shoved it down upon him with all her might, and then she ran away as fast as she could out of the cemetery. She ran and ran, on and on, and as she ran—there stood a little house. Into the little house she went. As she stumbled in—there lay a dead man there too—she shoved the bolt fast. The dead lover, however, when he looked around the churchyard and perceived that she was gone, ran in pursuit after her. He ran up to the little house, but she had crept into the oven and concealed herself. He reached the house, knocked on the door and said: "Hey, comrade! open the door and give me my wife. I

have just travelled with her 700 versts." Then the other one said: "I smell something? There's something in the house that smells like a living soul." He got up and opened the door: "Well," said he, "now comrade! let us divide her, since she is in my house!" They crept into the oven, found her, and said: "Now will you still weep!" But she, poor thing, had no dying words to utter. Then they took her—the one by one leg, the other by the other leg, and tore her in two.

It may be noted here that this, the most savage of all versions, finds few parallels to its conclusions. But it well illustrates the ferocity which animated the dead against those who will not let them sleep in peace. In many forms of the story the opportune crowing of the cock forestalls the diabolic intentions of the furious dead. As a rule, however, the maiden does not long survive the night's experience.

A remarkable variation of the legend differentiates the Slavish and the Germanic versions from those of Greece and the Balkan states. Remarkable, too, is the great number of variations:—seven Albanian, nine Serb, eleven Roumanian, seventy-two Bulgarian, and forty-one Greek. The distinguishing feature of this group is the assigning of the title rôle to a brother and sister in place of to a lover and mistress. The general trend of the story is exposed to view in the following version, which deserves to be read also for its intrinsic beauty:—

Mother with children richly blest, nine sons and one dear daughter,
The darling of thy heart was she, and fondly did'st thou tend her;
For full twelve years thou guardedst her, and the sun looked not on her,
But in the dusk thou bathedst her, by moonlight trimd'st her tresses,
By evening star and morning star her curls in order settest.
And lo! a message brought to thee, from Babylon a message;
Bidding thee wed thy child afar, afar in a strange country;
Eight of her brethren will it not, but Constantine doth hearken:
—'Nay, mother, send thine Areté, send her to that strange country,
That country whither I too fare, that land wherein I wander,
That I may find me comfort there, that I may find me lodging.'
—'Prudent art thou, my Constantine, yet ill conceived thy counsel:
If there o'ertake me death, my son, if there o'ertake me sickness,
If there hap bitterness or joy, who shall bring her to me?'
He made the Saints his witnesses, he gave her God for surety,
If peradventure there come death, if haply there come sickness,
If there hap bitterness or joy, himself would go and bring her.

Now when they had sent Areté to wed in the strange country,
There came a year of heaviness, a month of God's displeasure,
And there befell the pestilence, that the nine brethren perished;
Lone as a willow in the plain, lone, desolate their mother.
Over eight graves she beats her breast, o'er eight makes lamentation,
But from the tomb of Constantine she tears the very gravestones:
—'Rise, I adjure thee, Constantine, 'tis Areté I long for!
Thou madest the Saints thy witnesses, thou gavest me God for surety,
If there hap bitterness of joy, thyself wouldst go and bring her.'
Forth from the mound that covered him the stern adjuring drave him;
He takes the clouds to be his steed, the stars to be his bridle,
The moon for escort on the road, and goes his way to bring her.
He leaves the mountains in his wake, he gains the heights before him,
He finds her 'neath the moonlight fair combing her golden tresses.
E'en from afar he bids her hail, cries from afar his message:
—'Up Aretóula, up and come, for lo! our mother needs thee.'
—'Alack. Alack, dear brother mine, what chance hath then befallen?
If haply 'tis an hour of joy, let me go don my jewels,
If bitterness, speak, I will come, and tarry not for robing.'
—'Up, Aretóula, up and come, and tarry not for robing.'
Beside the way whereon they passed, beside the road they travelled,
They heard the singing of the birds, they heard the birds a-saying:
—'Who hath ever seen a maiden fair by a dead man escorted?'
—'Didst hear, my brother Constantine, what things the birds are, saying?
"Who hath ever seen a maiden fair by a dead man escorted?"'
—'Nay, foolish birds, let them sing on, nor heed their idle chatter.'
Anon as they went faring on, yet other birds were calling:
—'What woeful sight is this we see, so piteous and so plaintive,
'That lo! as comrades on the way, the dead escort the living.'
—'Didst hear, my brother Constantine, what things the birds are saying?
"That lo! as comrades on the way, the dead escort the living."'
—'Nay, what are birds? let them sing on, nor heed their idle chatter.'
—'Ah, but I fear thee, brother mine, thou savourest of censuring.'
—'Nay, at the chapel of St. John we gathered yester even.
And the good father hallowed us with incense beyond measure.'
And yet again as they fared on, yet other birds were crying:
—'O God, great God omnipotent, great wonders art thou working;
So gracious and so fair a maid with a dead man consorting.'
—'Didst hear, my brother Constantine, what thing the birds are saying?
Tell me, where are those locks of thine, thy trimly set mustachio?'
—'Twas a sore sickness fell on me, nigh unto death it brought me,
And spoiled me of my golden locks, my trimly set mustachio.'
Lo! they are come; but locked their home, the door fast barred aud bolted,
And all the windows of their home in spider-webs enshrouded.
—'Op'n, prithee, open, mother mine, 'tis Areté thy daughter.'
—'An thou art Charon, go thy way, for I have no more children;
My one, my little Areté, bides far in the strange country.'
—'Op'n, prithee, open, mother mine, 'tis Constantine that calls thee;
I made the Saints my witnesses, I gave thee God for surety,

If there hap bitterness or joy, myself would go and bring her.
Scarce had she passed to ope the door, and lo! her soul passed from her.²⁶

In many versions of the ballad, the mother and daughter enjoy a blissful moment of reunion in each other's arms before Charon calls for them; and the brother, who, on some pretext or other, has vanished from sight, returns to his tomb, where, released by his mother from the curse she pronounced on him, his body attains to corruptibility and his good soul to rest.

This division of the story falls into two groups,—one in which the mother plays the chief part, and one in which the daughter, with a corresponding difference in the causes which oblige Constantine to be up and carrying out his promise. Though the Greeks represent the dead as being universally sensitive to both moral and material disturbances, yet in their folk-songs they lay greater stress upon the former, which finds its highest potency in the curse of a mother; whereas, among the Slavish and Germanic races, that which proves most frequently to be an antidote to the opium of death is the temporal matter of tears. In the first group mentioned above, which includes the Greek, the power exercised by the mother over her dead son lies, with few departures, in the curses she uttered at his grave. In the second group,²⁷ the moving force is bound up in the tears of the daughter, who thus leads God in His pity to arouse Constantine and send him forth in quest of his sister. In some of the Greek forms the curse acts directly upon the ground, causing it to open up and eject its occupant; in others it operates upon the mound, the cross, and the coffin, which change to horse, saddle, and bridle, and, upon completion of the journey, resolve themselves into the visible reminders of mortality.

Every example cited in the above discussion adds its testimony to the universal, primitive belief that death meant anything but a final separation of body and soul, and that the

²⁶ J. C. Lawson, *Modern Greek Folklore and Ancient Greek Religion*, 1910, pp. 391 ff.

²⁷ For ample discussion of this second main division see Dr. L. Schischmá-nov, *Der Lenorenstoff in der Bulgarischen Volkspoesie*, Indoger. Forschungen, IV; J. Psichari, *La Ballade de Lonore en Grèce*, Rev. de l'histoire des religions, IX.

worlds of the living and of the dead lay in reality within hailing distance of each other, and that the revenants were looked upon as being absolutely corporeal, to all intents and purposes, able for the time being to carry on their former activities. The fact that the borderline between these two realms was so dimly marked may account for the absence of any special effort, by means of appropriate settings of time and place, circumstance and mood, to make the ghostly visitation appear credible, and for the lack of that spirit of mystery and terror whose infusion in a well-told ghost story is as the savor of salt to the modern palate. To realize most forcibly the vast stretch of evolution that lies between the modern and the primitive conceptions, one needs but to recall the preparation for the appearance of Hamlet's ghost, or to note the skillful leading up to the apparition of Cæsar in the tent of Brutus. Brutus had spent a sad day,—the news of the death of his wife, his quarrel with Cassius, his discontent, his inquiet over the future, his doubts of the utility of the assassination of Cæsar, having rendered his soul peculiarly susceptible. After retiring to his tent, he tries to compose his mind by reading a book, and he calls for music, which after a few melancholy strains subsides as drowsiness overcomes the performer. Then it is that Cæsar appears to him, turning his blood to ice and making his hair stand on end. After the apparition has vanished, Brutus is not quite sure whether or not he has been under the dominion of an hallucination. What a far cry to the simplicity and baldness of the ballad:—

There came a ghost to Margaret's door
With many a grievous groan;
And ay it tirlèd at the pin,
But answer made she none.

Furthermore, the manifestation of the dead to the personages of the ballad world never harrowed the feelings nor froze the blood; it did not as much as elicit a cry of surprise, much less of terror. Like their more sophisticated brethren of a later day, the ghosts of the ballads chose the night as a fitting time for revisiting this world. In the *Wife of Usher's Well*, "the night was lang and mirk;" in *Sweet William's Ghost*, "when a'

men were asleep" the ghost came to Margaret's door, and "a' the live-lang winter night the dead corp followed she."

Nevertheless, the revenants themselves recognize that they are no longer vital forces in the upper world, and that their earthy habitation has its distinctive marks which impress themselves upon the dwellers of the underworld. The dead brother rejects the proposal of Proud Margaret to share with him his grave,—

"For the wee worms are my bedfellows,
And cauld clay is my sheets,
And when the stormy winds do blow,
My body lies and sleeps."

Sweet William warns Margaret that—

"And I should kiss thy rosy lips,
Thy days will not be long."

The three sons of the Wife of Usher's Well adduce as a reason for haste in obeying the summons of the cock-crow that—

"The cock doth crow, the day doth daw,
The channerin worm doth chide;
Gin we be mist out o' our place,
A sore pain maun we bide."

The Buried Mother replies to the daughter's remark upon the pallor of her cheeks:—

"And how should I be fine and fair,
When death has bleached the cheeks I bear?"

Similarly the Dead Suitor²⁸ responds to the wondering comment of his betrothed:—

"Methinks you reek so mouldy."
"Tis Death with whom you speak.
And long as I've been buried,
Of mould should I not reek?"

In like manner a source of unrest to Areté is the odor of mould or of incense which clings to the person of Constantine, and the loss of his once luxuriant moustache and hair.

Other tangible signs marking the presence of death are the black hawk and hound and the black troop that rode with Sir Morten of Fogelsong. A far more subtle use of the association

²⁸ Prior, III, appendix F.

of the hound with death and an indication of the finer sensitiveness of the animal world to the presence of spectres are felt in the verses from the *Buried Mother*:—

Whenever hound was heard to whine,
They gave the children bread and wine.

Whenever hound was heard to bark,
They thought the dead walked in the dark.

Whenever hound was heard to howl,
They thought they saw a corpse's cowl.

This universal belief in the hound's perception of the unearthly bears an undoubted relation to the practice of the Romans in clothing the "lares" of their ancestors in a dog's skin, thereby intimating a form of totemism. As a classical example of the hound's ability to detect the supernatural, one will recall the scene in the *Odyssey* where the dogs, aware of the presence of Athene, who is invisible to Telemachus, run growling to the other side of the room.

It is in the Lenore ballads, however, that the objective, symbolical accompaniments of death find most artistic expression. The wild ride of the Frere du Lait and his betrothed to the Isle of the Blessed startles the owls and forces the wild beasts to leap out of their way. The maiden feels that her lover's heart is cold and that his hair is all wet, and she asks if he is not freezing. Bürger, by his marvellous combination of conscious art with the unconscious art of the folk literature, makes the night-ride of Wilhelm and Lenore palpitate with horrors. All sorts of sepulchral signs manifest themselves: flapping ravens, funeral trains, the infernal dance of the rabble dead in the graveyard, the vanishing of the horse in a flash, and the melting of the flesh off of the bones of Wilhelm, all heightened by a skilful use of imitative words. And not least effective is the refrain-like utterance, suggestive of fiendish joy over having stolen a soul from among the living:—

"Der Mond scheint hell,
Der Todte reit't schnell,
Feinsliebchen, grauets dir?"

In place of this exclamation, the Greek and most of the Balkan versions employ the comment of birds, which, like the hounds,

are keener than men in the discovery of otherworld visitants. The rare spectacle that greets their sight causes them to chirrup out:—

“O who has ever seen a maiden fair by a dead man escorted?”

Farther on other birds sing:—

“What woeful sight is this we see, so piteous and so plaintive,
That lo! as comrades on their way the dead escort the living.”

And a third time Areté hears them calling:—

“O God! great God omnipotent! great wonders art thou working,
So gracious and so fair a maid with a dead man consorting.”

To Areté's question what mean the birds, Constantine merely replies:—

“Foolish birds, let them sing on, nor heed their idle chatter.”

That characteristic of the dead which sets off the Slavish versions from all others is the ferocity of the revenant, who partakes largely of the nature of the vampyre,—a frightful being that seems to be an especial creation of the Slavonic peoples,—and which,²⁹ as far I know, enters into the make-up of all their revenants. The state of vampyrism emphasizes most forcibly the folk belief of communication between the body and the soul after death. It implies an inability of the body to entertain corruption, and, until final dissolution takes place, it admits the possibility of the soul's entering the body at any time and urging it to a renewal of worldly activities. Herein lies the fearful significance of the Greek curse—“May your body never see corruption,”—whether in the mouth of the peasant or as an utterance in the ancient drama.³⁰ The body of a man who has

²⁹ For an Icelandic conception of a revenant that falls not a whit behind the most untameable vampyre of the Slaves the curious reader is referred to that passage in the *Saga of Grettir the Strong* (trans. by Magnussen and Morris, 1900) which relates the story of Grettir's ill-fated wrestling match with the evil wight Glam.

³⁰ See the curse pronounced by Œdipus upon his undutiful son: “Begone, abhorred and renounced of me, thy father, thou basest villain, that thou win not with the spear that land of thine own kin, nor yet return ever again to the vale of Argos. . . . Such is my curse; yea, and I call upon Tartarus, in whose hateful gloom my father lies to drive thee forth from his home.”—(Soph.,

become a vampyre, when exhumed, exhibits an abnormal condition: not only absence of decay, but also a swelling and distending of the skin until it assumes the tension of a drum-head, giving out when struck a hollow sound. So long as the body remains in this state, it is debarred from that eternal repose craved by the dead, and it is incited by its evil spirit to seek out the living that it may destroy them. It runs about with lightning-like rapidity, biting the throats of those it meets, or, by sitting upon the chest of its victims, produces a horrible feeling of oppression and suffocation. Among those who suffer first from its ravages are its nearest of kin and those who were dearest to it. Those people become vampyres after death who were werewolves in life; those who have not received the full rites of burial; those who have met with sudden and violent death; those whose deaths remain unavenged; those who die under a curse; those who have been excommunicated; and those who have led an evil, immoral life. It will be evident that the revenants in the Slavic forms of Lenore are as ferocious as the vampyre; but they restrict their blood-thirstiness to abducting and, if possible, entombing the weeping maiden.⁵¹ The Greek revenant of Constantine, on the other hand, far from being savage, is well-disposed. Had the Greeks believed that all revenants were vampyres, to evoke the body from the grave would have been the last thing in the world the mother would have dared to attempt, for it would have attacked her first of all and then have sought the destruction of Areté. Another illustration of the purely Greek notion of a revenant as being kindly and human in disposition, and of a remarkably primitive belief in the confusion of life and death, is the folk-story which tells of a shoemaker who after death turned vampyre and in se-

Ed. Col., 1383 ff.) Again, Hippolytus, in swearing that he never violated the marriage-bed of his father, invokes on himself this curse: "May I verily perish without glory and without name, cityless and homeless, an outcast and a wanderer upon the earth; yea, and in death may neither sea nor earth receive my flesh, if I have proved false."—(Eurip., *Hipp.*, 1038 ff.) Here both readings seem to refer to the doom of remaining indissoluble and debarred from Hades. Hence at any time their souls may enter their bodies and drive them forth over the earth.

⁵¹ See J. C. Lawson, l.c., chap. iv.

cret spent the evenings, with the exception of Saturday, at home in the company of his widow, until her pregnancy forced her to reveal to the curious neighbors the identity of her visitant. The Greeks also conceived of a revenant that resembled in its savage character the vampyre of the Slavs, which, in the course of time, came to occupy the mind so exclusively that it was regarded as the predominant class of revenants, expelling from popular life the milder sort and serving as the equivalent for revenant itself. Such evidence leads to the conclusion that the Greek ballad of *Constantine and Areté* must early have been pretty well fixed in popular tradition to resist the intrusion of the Slavic vampyre into its make-up, for as early as the tenth century Slavic influences began to work upon Greek life and thought.³²

The question well-nigh asks itself: Has the Lenore legend a traceable itinerary, or is its wide diffusion to be accounted the result of an independent, spontaneous growth—from a subsoil of beliefs common to the Aryan race? With respect to the Balkan and Greek versions, transmission from one people to another is a view acceptable enough. Disagreement arises over the birth-place of the ballad and the direction of its travels. According to Psichari,³³ it originated in Servia, thence spread to Bulgaria, to Albania, and to Greece. According to Wollner,³⁴ its course ran from Servia to Bulgaria, to Greece, to Albania. But Dr. L. D. Schischmánov,³⁵ who has the double advantage of being the last one to write upon the subject, and of having a wider acquaintance with the Balkan versions, believes that the ballad was diffused as follows: Greece—Albania—Bulgaria—Macedonia. As an offshoot from Bulgaria, the ballad split in two: (a) the Servian form, in which the mother is the principal actor; (b) the Roumanian, in which it is the daughter. The relationship between the group dominated by the dead brother and that dominated by the dead lover is equally perplexing. When one recalls the keener sensitiveness of animal life, such as birds and hounds, to the presence of the

³² J. C. Lawson, l.c., p. 395.

³³ J. Psichari, l.c.

³⁴ Wollner, W., l.c.

³⁵ Schischmánov, l.c.

supernatural, it seems difficult to arrive at any other decision than that the wondering cry of the birds at the sight of a maid riding with a dead man is a more primitive feature than the shout of the dead lover:—

“Der Mond scheint hell,
Der Todte reit't schnell,
Feinsliebchen, grauet's dir?”

Hence the conclusion seems inevitable that from the Balkan states the ballad made its way northward into the Slavish and Germanic lands, where under the pressure exerted by a different moral concept, native to the race, it assumed the peculiar variations noted above.

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NOTE.—For an historical study of the werwolf in literature, one should read the interesting article by Professor Kirby F. Smith, published in the *Publications of Modern Language Society*, New Series II, 1. 1894.

THE FLOWER OF SOUVENANCE: A MOMENT IN THE TWILIGHT OF CHIVALRY

Knights in the battles for to serve
Whereof they may thank deserve.
There as the deeds of armès be,
Some must over the saltè sea,
So that by land and eke by ship
They must travel for worship,
And make many hasty roads,
Sometime to Ind, sometime to Rhodes,
And sometime into Tartary—
So that the heralds on them cry
"Vailliant! Vaillant! Lo, where he goeth!"
And then he giveth him gold and cloth.

So runs a snatch of old song which has floated across the waves of time on a half-page of forgotten manuscript. It is the epitome of the end of chivalry. Adventure, not for the deed's sake, but for the vanity of the heralds' cry;—this is chivalry in the letter, but not in spirit. And even the heralds' cry is not spontaneous, but for the gold and cloth which are their fees. The tourney which once decided quarrels by appeal to the duel *à outrance* has now become a mere pageant for the spectators, a thing without inner meaning, like a Durbar at Delhi, save as it trumpets forth the political power that lies beneath its waste and wantonness.

In one of the Lansdowne manuscripts in the British Museum, which in 1475 Sir John Paston called his "Great Book of Arms," lies the record of an episode worthy of study as a witness to chivalry in its decay. It is eighty years since the publication in print of this old herald's story, and it cannot be said that readers have greatly concerned themselves with the volume,¹ yet the ancient documents have a real value. Nowhere else is a tourney in England so fully treated, from the challenge to the lists. Nowhere do we see better the twilight of chivalry. At the barriers on this day doubtless attended Sir Thomas Malory; and though as a friend of the absent Warwick he may

¹ *Excerpta Historica*, ed. Sam. Berkley, London, 1831.

have viewed with grave disapproval the reckless extravagance of his rival, Lord Scales, yet the splendor of the picture, the enthusiasm of the throngs, and the real fire and spirit of the affray must have distilled in the alembic of his imagination something of that color for romance which Malory bequeaths us in his *Morte Darthur*.

A *preux chevalier* in those times of the Roses was this same Anthony Woodville, Lord Scales, whom later times called the Earl of Rivers. "Hardly could you find a man more ready with word or deed," wrote Sir Thomas More, a good judge of men. "That noble and puissant lord" Caxton called his patron; and hinted that his master's suppression of all the ill that Socrates had said of women, in Scales' translation of *The Sayings of the Philosophers*, must have proceeded out "of the very affection, love and good will that he hath unto all ladies."

Shakespeare's lament in Richard III for "the gentle Rivers" is itself but an echo of the historian de Comines' opinion, "un tres gentil chevalier."

In arms from a stripling, at twenty-four Scales was a Knight of the Garter, and Lord of the Isle of Wight. Though Warwick the King-maker and his friends looked askance at the sudden rise to power of this mere gentleman of fortune, and muttered that the Queen's brother should soon rue his pride, yet the Queen and her ladies laughed at them; and the King whom Warwick had made, the indolent Edward IV, cared nothing at all that his great ally should be so easily estranged. Lord Scales was a pleasant brother-in-arms as well as in-law, and none should dispute his favor.

So it fell that about the time young Scales received the Garter, the Queen played a jest upon him, which may go by the name of "The Flower of Souvenance." Something of the flavor of the time clings to the quaint English which preserves Lord Scales' own account of the incident; and it may well stand here intact, except for concessions to the spelling-book.

"The Wednesday next after the solemn and devout feast of the resurrection of our blessed Lord and Redeemer Jesus Christ, at the departing from the high mass I drew me to the Queen of England and of France and Lady of Ireland, my sovereign lady,

to whom I am right humble subject. And as I spake to her Ladyship on knee, the bonnet from mine head, as me ought — I wot not by what adventure nor how it happened — but the ladies of her company arrived about me; and they of their benovolence tied around my right thigh a collar of gold garnished with perré [*rich jewel-work*] and was made with one letter. And when I had it, it was nearer my heart than my knee.

"And to that collar was tied a noble Flower of Souvenance, enameled, and in manner of an emprise. And then one of them said to me full demurely, that should not take it aworth [*with indifference*] as at that time. And then they withdrew them all, each one in their places.

"And I abashed of this adventure rose me up, and went to thank them all of their right great honor that they did to me that time; and as I took up my bonnet, that I had let fall nigh to me, I found in it a bill written in small parchment rolled, and closed with a little thread of gold, and sealed.

"Then thought I well, that therein was the countenance [*intention*] that by them was given me."

And so it was. The young knight, his instructions read, should do a deed of knightly worth, for the honor of his lady. Or, as the challenge itself put it, "In the worship, reverence, and help of our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, of the glorious Virgin his Mother, and St. George, very tutor and patron and cry of Englishmen; in augmentation of knighthood and recommendation of noblesse; for the glorious school and study of arms, and the worthiness of my power to maintain and follow; and for to void slothfulness of time lost; and to obey and please my fair lady."

The terms which Scales appended to this 'long preamble of a tale' were these: that the challenger should appear for a two-days' joust at the noble city of London in October of that blessed year of 1465, "against a nobleman of four lineages, without reproach;" upon the first day should be run a course horseback with sharp spears and afterwards strike with swords to the number of thirty-seven strokes; on the second day he should fight, "armed afoot as to noblemen in such case appertaineth" with spear, axe, and dagger, until one or the other be borne down.

Then Chester, Herald to the King of England, carried the challenge over-sea to that most noble knight, "the Lord Bastard of Burgundy." With him the herald bore the Flower of Souvenance, set upon a kerchief of plesance, which the Lord Bastard must touch "with digne and knightly hand" for the furtherance of the challenge. And right worshipfully, if we may believe his own story, did Chester Herald accomplish his most worthy end.

It was, indeed, a spectacle to stir a herald's heart — that morning of the first of May, 1465, when Chester came at Brussels into the princely presence of Philip of Burgundy. Upon one side of the old Duke rode the Lord Bastard, to whom, as to the best knight of his time, the Flower of Souvenance should be offered; upon his other side rode young Charles, whose title "the Bold" stood yet some years of winning. When the challenge was delivered by the English herald, in his master's name, the heralds of Burgundy brought into the presence of all the Flower, covered from sight with the kerchief of plesance, and held on high between the hands of the chief Burgundian herald, Toison D'Or — whom the English scribe, with a finely national contempt for the outlandish, calls Thomson Dore! Before the Duke the corners of the kerchief were let fall, and the resplendent Flower shone revealed. Then the Lord Bastard came forward, saying to the herald, "I pray you recommend me right humbly unto my lord Scales my brother as heartily as I can; I thank him right highly of the honor that he doth to me by his writing, to the edifying and the increasing of honor; and to the fulfilling of his honorable request, I take upon me by license of my prince to touch this emprise."

Then he touched the Flower, and the Duke holding one corner of the kerchief and Charles the Bold-to-be the other, they covered the Flower worthily, and gave it back into the keeping of Chester Herald.

"And so the said Chester bode there daily with a great cheer, as pertained an herald to have, accompanied with ancient Kings of Arms and noble Heralds, nine days following." At length the reply to Lord Scales was written, and Chester returned, receiving for his fee at his departing the rich gown furred with

sables, which the Bastard had worn at the touching of the Flower, "and his doublet of black velvet garnished with arming points, and the slits of the doublet-sleeves clasped with clasps of gold; and forty Rhenish guilders."

The gratifying result of his mission was duly reported to King Edward at Greenwich, holding court among his nobility. By his side stood those dear friends, the Dukes of Gloucester and of Buckingham. Meekly the herald told his message, and showing the Flower of Souvenance, "touched by the high and noble Lord Anton Bastard of Burgundy, Count de Roche et de Bevere et de Beveresse," he fastened the Flower again "unto my Lord Scales' leg, reverently, to a collar of gold upon the same."

"And I beseech you," the simple herald continued to his monarch, "to owe thank unto my Lord Bastard, the which gave me this same rich gown and this doublet garnished in this form, the which he wore at the touching of the emprise, and forty florins, and my costs the time of my being there." The thank for which, no doubt, King Edward was graciously content to owe.

Great was the expectation in England for the coming of the Bastard and the fulfilling of the engagement. The wealth and lavishness of the Burgundians was the subject of wonder among Englishmen. "As for the Duke's court," wrote an English visitor of the time, "I heard never of none like to it, save King Arthur's court . . . for without that they have it by wishes, I heard never of so great plenty, as there is."

King Edward, too, was no less anxious to hear of the arrival of the knights of Burgundy. Behind all the veil of chivalrous pretence it is easy, after the event, to read his desire to obtain an alliance with this powerful enemy of France. The friendship begun in the extravagant passage-at-arms was to be of account five years later, when Edward and Scales, exiles and suppliants, received from Charles the Bold the arms with which Edward regained his slippery throne. And not only was the joust thus profitable to Edward, but his own personal popularity with the citizens of London, the second great cause of Edward's final triumph, was due in no small degree to the joyous specta-

cles of chivalry which his lavish indolence afforded them. A London MS. of the time says of the King, "Of a more famous Knight I never read since the time of Arthur's days." Like the visits of the late Edward VII, the mediæval jousts might not only mask political designs, but increase the favor of the multitude.

Some few scores with the King of France must be settled first, however, and the Lord Bastard must flesh his sword at Monthléry and elsewhere, before he could visit England. The Liégeois, also, showed little appreciation of the necessity of the prompt fulfilling of knightly word; and in all, two years were to pass before the Flower might be won. But in the spring of 1467 came the time of peace, and the Bastard hastened to announce his intention of doing his devoir. Meanwhile Lord Scales kept in practice. In April of that year Sir John Paston, who was wasting his patrimony at London, wrote to his brother in the country: "My hand was hurt at the tourney at Eltham upon Wednesday last. I would that you had been there and had seen it, for it was the goodliest sight that was seen in England this forty years of so few men. There was upon the one side within, the King, my Lord Scales, myself, and Sellenger; and without, my Lord Chamberlain, Sir John Woodville, Sir Thomas Montgomery, and John Aparre."

To which his loyal but long-suffering younger brother, holding together as best he could the precarious heritage of the Pastons, replied: "By truth, I had liefer see you once in Caister Hall, than to see as many King's tourneys as might be betwixt Eltham and London. . . . I may no more without coinage."

Eltham and London, however, were not of the younger brother's mind. For three weeks Garter King at Arms cooled his heels at Gravesend, awaiting the arrival of the Lord Bastard, while Lord Scales practised hard at Greenwich. At last, on May 27th, Burgundy's ships were sighted, and presently dropped anchor, bearing a princely retinue of over four hundred "noble lords, knights, squires, and others." At London they were welcomed by the Lord Constable of England, with lords, knights, squires, aldermen, and rich commoners of the city "ordained in seven barges and a galley, richly beseen and arrayed." Those

who could not get into the barges waited to welcome the Lord Bastard at Billing's Gate, whence the escort wound through Cornhill and Eastcheap and by St. Paul's to the Bishop's palace of Salisbury in Fleet Street, "richly appareled by the King, and hung with beds of cloth of gold for his lodging within the town." Two miles away another property of the same Bishop was reserved for a ground for the Burgundians' secret practice.

Three days later, "with the sound of clarion, trumpets, shalmoes, and other," "as it belonged to a prince royal," entered King Edward in state, and opened Parliament, only to prorogue it immediately until the joust was over.³ Lord Scales arrived shortly after from Greenwich, "where he had tarried long and many a day," and put up at the Bishop of Ely's palace in Holborn, "where he kept a solemn and a worshipful household, richly beseen with rich arras of silk and cloths of gold."

Soon began the preliminaries as to the tourney. The Lord Bastard's council desired reassurance in several particulars. A certain squire of Germany had of late jousted the Duke of Burgundy, upon whose horse-armor jutted out three long daggers; and the Duke had ordered them removed. The Englishmen hearing this, promised that nothing of the kind should be worn by Lord Scales. Then the Burgundians desired construction of the rule as to a combatant being brought to ground. It was agreed, that the hand, or the knee, or any part of the body being brought to ground be held sufficient. It was further agreed, that if a horse were injured, another might be brought; and if a sword be dropped, it might be picked up; that each champion should have a man to help him put his spear in rest; that neither should ride a horse "the which were terrible to smite or bite;" and lastly that if weapons should break or be lost, they might lay on with hands alone.

These elaborate precautions taken with a gravity on either side equalled only by the managers of our modern pugilists, the Sheriff of London set forth to make the lists. An open plain of Smithfield was chosen, fourscore and ten yards in length, and

³In our own day Congress has waited upon an aviator.

fourscore in breadth. Round the oblong enclosure was made a palisade or fence of posts seven and a half feet high.

Upon a Friday, two weeks after the Lord Bastard's arrival, the lists were ready, and himself sufficiently recovered from the voyage to undertake his arms. At every other post stood a soldier, at each corner a King at Arms. Other heralds were in the scaffold before the King, "to mark all that should be done in the said field, and to make report general." The press section, it appears, is no new thing. In the field stood another herald, and four 'scouts,' at his bidding, to separate the combatants if need were.

And now the great array of spectators were in their places. The King on his fine throne was surrounded by his Council, at the very centre of the lists. On either side were stands for knights and ladies, squires, and archers; and opposite, in scarcely less brilliant array, were the Lord Mayor of London and his Aldermen, with citizens of note. Of all the great throng of knights and nobles gathered to view this play-at-arms, scarce a handful were to survive the next three years' bloody warfare of the Roses. At Stanford, at Barnet, and at Twekesbury they should wear the Red and White of those other Flowers of Souvenance, until Edward might grip more firmly his debatable seat.

The entrance of the champions upon the field of the lists afforded an opportunity of splendid display. The provision for remounts in the articles of agreement permitted a procession of finely caparisoned horses, each ridden by a richly dressed page. Lord Scales paraded nine horses, the Lord Bastard eight. Here a charger stood "in a trapper of white cloth of gold, with a cross of St. George of crimson velvet, bordered with a fringe of gold."

There waited others in yellow, russet, purple, and green, furred in sables, charged with goldwork "with borders of velvet upon velvet." Opposite were others no less rich in crimson, silver, and violet. The palm was awarded by common consent, no doubt, to the trappings of the Lord Bastard's fifth horse, "with a trapper of crimson velvet to the foot, embroidered with a device of eyes of goldsmith's work, full of tears."

So each knight retired to his pavilion, until the proclamation had been declared by the four heralds, at the four corners of the field. "For the augmentation of martial discipline and knightly honour, necessary for the tuition of the Faith Catholic against heretics and miscreants, and to the defence of the right of kings and princes and their estates," the public were warned "on pain of imprisonment, not to approach the lists, or make any noise, murmur, or shout, or any other manner token or sign whereby the said lords. . . . shall be troubled or comforted" No guidance from the side-lines, no disconcertments from the grandstand, were to be sanctioned.

And now the herald of the lists cried, "*Lessez Aler.*" The achievement and sum of all this great coil of preparation was come. Alas, for the old days of chivalry! Courageously, the old herald tells us, did the brave knights run their course; *but neither hit the other!* Then each champion voided his spear lightly, and assailed other stoutly with swords. A single blow only had been exchanged, when the accident against which the Lord Bastard had sought to protect himself took place. His horse struck against a sharp steel point of the saddle of Lord Scales, and fell backwards upon his rider. A herald at once approached the discomfited knight, and demanded if he wished a remount. "His answer was, 'That it was no season.'" In vain did Lord Scales ride before the King to prove that his saddle had no deceitful weapons fastened upon it; the Lord Bastard would fight him no more on horseback. "To-day," he was reported to have said, "you have fought a horse; to-morrow you shall fight a man." Thus ended the first assay.

Next day the same great gathering witnessed the course afoot, with axes and daggers. "Great and cumbrous and thick strokes" did each smite at the other, "the Lord Scales with the head of his axe before, the tother with the small end;" yet, for a long time, neither apparently hurt the other until at last Lord Scales struck the Lord Bastard "a cruel blow in the side of the visern of the basinet," which, though not wounding, must have sorely rattled about the wits of the royal visitor.

At once King Edward threw down his warder, crying "Ho!"

And all was over.' It was no part of the King's plan that the Bastard should suffer injury. There was too much at stake. The public must be content, perforce, with the regale of jousts that followed on Sunday and Monday, between other Burgundian and English knights. In the midst of it came the news of Duke Philip's death; and, more hastily than they had come, the Bastard and his friends departed.

Rich were the gifts the heralds earned from generous Lord Scales, to the augmentation of his honor. At a later tourney in which this "seducious friend of the King," as Warwick called him, took part, there were knights discourteous enough, the herald tells us, to protest against the exorbitant demands of the College of Arms. A compromise was finally effected by the King, so that in future an earl should pay ten marks, a baron four pounds, a knight forty shillings, and an esquire twenty-six shillings eightpence; "of which composition the officers of Arms were but so contented. And whereas the noble Earl of Rivers was taxed by the judges at ten marks, he sent off his benevolence to the officers of arms twenty marks, like a nobleman, and desired them to be contented for him and his hermitage, to whom God send good life and long, Amen."

"Penny is an hardy knight," says the old song.

So the great joust ended, with its rich display, its elaborate ceremonies, and its pitiful conclusion. Yet the money was not vainly spent. The knight of Burgundy carried back to his brother Duke Charles a good report of the Princess Margaret, King Edward's sister; and within the twelvemonth Lord Scales escorted the Princess to the Low Countries, to be the Duke's bride. "The Duke," we are told, "took her in his arms and kissed her, and then kissed all the ladies and gentlewomen, and when he had so done, looked and regarded to the beauty of her, he rejoiced . . . in such case me thought as Troilus was in, for he tarmed and avised her a tract of time ere he went to her again."

"And Lorde! so he gan godely on hir se,
That never his loke ne blente fro hir face!"

³ One cannot help recalling the similar scene in *Richard II.*

The alliance begun in the friendly passage-at-arms was thus sealed and affirmed by the laws of the other code to which knights of that age paid homage—the Court of Love.

And what of the Flower of Souvenance? Evidently it remained secure upon the noble leg of gentle Scales, who had worthily accomplished his emprise. History, at any rate, concerns herself no more about it.

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BOOK REVIEWS

DIE AMERIKANISCHE LITERATUR. Vorlesungen, gehalten an der Königl. Friedrich-Wilhelms Universität zu Berlin. Von Dr. C. Alphonso Smith. Bibliothek der Amerikanischen Kulturgeschichte. Zweiter Band. Berlin: Weidmannsche Buchhandlung. 1912.

In the selection of a title for the volume of lectures delivered at the University of Berlin Dr. Smith has been extremely unfortunate. The term "American Literature" leads one to expect a thorough proportionate treatment of all the writers and literary activities of this country. The volume itself shows startling omissions. Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, Lanier, Aldrich, Stedman, Howells, Mrs. Wharton, and our historical writers are almost or entirely ignored; Hawthorne is considered only as a writer of short stories; and the poetical side of Poe's achievement receives the barest mention. At the same time prominence is given to compositions of little artistic merit, to writers of only secondary rank, and to men not primarily connected with letters at all. All this is disappointing to readers who have their preconceptions of what constitutes a history of literature. It has obscured Dr. Smith's purpose and led to undeserved condemnation.

The real significance of the volume will be better understood if the title be disregarded and the occasion of the composition of the lectures be recalled. As Roosevelt Professor at Berlin Dr. Smith was more than a scholar. He was an ambassador of American culture, a representative of American life and ideals. It was incumbent upon him, not merely to uphold the traditions of scholarship, but to foster the growth of international goodwill by bringing us into more vital contact with the German people and by visualizing and interpreting the characteristic bent of our national spirit. As Hyde Lecturer at the University of Paris two or three years ago Dr. Van Dyke gave a series of addresses on "The Spirit of America." The same theme was chosen by Dr. Smith, but he preferred to study it through the medium of American letters. Dr. Van Dyke's method had obvious advantages; but Dr. Smith's method is less abstract and offers better opportunities to consider questions more strictly scholastic.

If this underlying purpose be borne in mind, a seemingly wilful and erratic treatment will be explained. Do our patriotic songs merit twenty pages of discussion? On the basis of intrinsic worth they certainly do not, but because of their part in awakening a national self-consciousness and in bettering the taste of the people, they as manifestly do. Does Frenau deserve more than half as much space as is allotted to Bryant? As the poet of Jeffersonian democracy in a formative era, he has an interpretative value which ought to be stressed. Franklin and Jefferson, though doing their literary work less for its own sake than as a means of public service, through it nevertheless left an indelible imprint upon the American character; and surely Dr. Smith is right in saying, "That would be scann'd." Every literary school or movement in the various sections of the country demands emphasis for the light it throws on Americanism as a whole, and some of them must receive a degree of attention to which, considered merely from the literary standpoint, they are not entitled, while others receive less than their literary claims require. It is a pity, however, that the Transcendental movement is dealt with mainly in a disparaging manner; that the soul of Whitmanism is not happily reflected; and that the New England group of writers who forged to the front between 1830 and 1840, though conceded to be the best that America has produced and to have given the highest and noblest expression of the American spirit, is not treated more in detail, even at the expense of proportion. The criticism has been advanced that Dr. Smith seeks to introduce writers with whom the Germans are not acquainted and that in view of this aim the extended discussions of Cooper, Longfellow, and Joel Chandler Harris are out of place. On the contrary, his peculiar ends necessitate the use of representative writers, whether these be familiar and beloved or not. Cooper as the historian of the migration westward is indispensable; the pages devoted to the revelation of his qualities are among the most fascinating in the book. Longfellow, so often referred to simply as an exponent of European culture, must be shown in his American aspects—in his discovery of American sources of material and in his contributions to American thought and life. Harris opened a field

far more immense and interesting than is yet realized, and Dr. Smith's hearers might well have been disappointed had he neglected its rich possibilities.

So sane and thoughtful a commentary upon our national literature and our national character should prove illuminating to readers in this country as well as to those abroad. That Dr. Smith had investigated the subject widely, an extensive and well-chosen bibliography testifies, but he does not content himself with a superficial recast of time-worn opinions; his approach is fresh and stimulating. In reaching his conclusions he has not overlooked the material made accessible in recent years—for example, Emerson's *Note Book* (published in 1910) and the early critical works of Poe (first collected in the Virginia edition). He examines with penetrating insight the early environments of writers and the influences that shaped them. He goes to the very best source for the actual spirit of a man—his letters. He shows firmness of grasp in summarizing tendencies. For instance, he consumes but one sentence in pointing out that since the war Jefferson's influence for individualism has been greater in literature than in politics; he employs a paragraph in explaining that the short-story has made conditions ripe for a national drama; he devotes a chapter to the short-story as a tremendous force for intersectional understanding; and he gives unity to the volume by keeping constantly in the foreground the idea that our literature, with its idealism, its optimism, its humor, and its hopefulness, is a pioneer literature. If a choice must be made where all is informing, perhaps we should say that the last three chapters—Joel Chandler Harris and the negro as literary material, Mark Twain and American humor, and the American short-story—are the best. The least convincing chapter is that on the Americanism of Poe. Perhaps Poe is less completely "out of Space—out of Time" than is generally assumed. Dr. Smith makes an ingenious comparison of Poe and Calhoun and reminds us of Poe's resemblance to the South Carolinian in admiration for the conservative Coleridge and repugnance to the fiery Carlyle; but we feel that likenesses are pressed too far when Poe is practically accounted for as a child of Southern conditions and when the assertion is made that

through the analytical study of methods Poe did first for literature what others did or tried to do for politics, industry, education, etc. The following summary is very suggestive, however: "Sein Amerikanismus ist . . . zu suchen . . . in der sicheren Handhabung der Technik, der bewussten Anpassung der Mittel an den Zweck, der schnellen Verwirklichung organischer Möglichkeiten, der praktischen Verwendung der Details, die ihn befähigten, seine Visionen in körperlichen Formen, greifbar darzustellen und so den einzigen neuen literarischen Typus zu begründen, den Amerika hervorgebracht hat."

It is not to be surmised that Dr. Smith is so engrossed in the study of the American spirit that he neglects the purely scholastic side of his mission. On the contrary he touches upon in passing or investigates at length an amazingly large number of scholastic topics. Of these probably the most interesting is, fittingly enough, the influence of foreign (particularly German) thought and literature upon American. Of brief but discriminating discussions there could be no better examples than the comparison of Cooper and Scott and the contrast between the individualism of Transcendentalism and that of the short-story writers. There is a clear and concise treatment of the four varieties of negro dialect. Here and there are casual suggestions of themes for American scholarship, such as the origin of the Poor Richard proverbs, the comparison of notable personages in fiction (Poor Richard, Rip Van Winkle, Leather Stocking, Uncle Remus, and Huckleberry Finn) for the better comprehension of American life, various matters connected with negro folk-science, and the dialect in the short-story. Moreover there is a searching investigation of form and technique. In the studies of Poe, Longfellow, Irving, and Hawthorne this constitutes an important, if not the chief, interest.

The printed volume bears traces of the lecture room; it would have been better had certain illustrative passages been stricken out in publishing. On the other hand the book is full of the felicities of a very skilful and concrete writer. An example or two will make this clear. After maintaining that the defect of Whitman's catalogue-style is that it does not dwell long enough upon objects to see what hasty observers fail to see, Dr. Smith

drives the point home by showing through reference to "O Captain! My Captain!" what Whitman could do when he so far forgot his custom as to treat a single event and interpret it. The statement that Franklin would never, like Jefferson, have studied Indian speech purely for the philosophy of it and apart from practical ends gives us in a nutshell the distinction between the two men. Longfellow's parallelism in verse-structure — one of those obvious things which somehow manage to be overlooked — is elaborately analyzed and then perfectly illustrated by an explanation of how Poe would have written "The Rainy Day," while the difference between Poe and Irving in short-story structure is clarified by an application of Poe's methods to the material of "Rip Van Winkle." In brief, the originality of the thought-content of the volume is matched by the straightforward and convincing simplicity of its treatment.

GARLAND GREEVER.

THE BALLAD OF THE WHITE HORSE. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Company. 1911.

It is the fate of popular characters of history to become lay figures which succeeding generations dress in whatever style of thought is for the hour most fashionable. Only time can show whether such a style is incongruous to the figure it drapes, or whether the hero has really been rehabilitated, in his habit as he lived. Critics of Tennyson have claimed that his Prince Arthur wore very little of the clothes and armor proper to a British ruler of the fifth century, and a great deal of the frock-coat and high-hat which belonged to the estimable Prince Consort of the nineteenth. And so with many others.

Chance, in the shape of the required preparation of a Doctor's Dissertation, once caused the present reviewer to read a considerable number of dramas and epics based on King Alfred's life. The character of most of these was such as to recall Landor's epigram upon Milton's paraphrases of the Psalms: that Milton was never such a regicide as when he raised his hand to smite King David. Such a regicide was the Poet Laureate Pye, whose Alfred is as finicky and absurd a figure as ever

donned the eighteenth century knee-breeches of heroic couplets. Only a few years ago the same subject was attempted by Sir Alfred Austin in his "England's Darling." Whether the later Laureate has much succeeded over the earlier is doubtful.

Mr. Chesterton has written a long poem on King Alfred, entitled "The Ballad of the White Horse," and he has not been guilty of regicide. The central figure of the poem is really alive — but just how much his life is that of the King of Wessex, who died a thousand years ago, demands some investigation. Mr. Chesterton frankly declared that his treatment is not historical but traditional, and this is, of course, proper for poetic treatment. At the same time, since the author's chief purpose is to show Alfred standing in the same attitude toward certain questions as he himself does, it becomes pertinent to ask whether such an attitude is historically justified. If Alfred had been born in the twentieth century instead of the ninth would he have shared Mr. Chesterton's views?

Apart from its historical and philosophical side "The Ballad of the White Horse" deserves high praise as poetry. Mr. Chesterton has proved that he can write imaginative and stirring verse as well as brilliant essays. One wonders whether the form employed might have been suggested by Longfellow's "Discoverer of the North Cape," which relates to King Alfred. At any rate the influence of Swinburne and Rossetti in the same sort of work is obvious. Indeed, as far as form is concerned, the present poem might be described as a Post Pre-Raphaelite, showing as it does the rhyming of secondary stresses, the extreme accentuation and varied number of syllables, the repetitions and archaic words, and that stark simplicity which, with all these characters, marks the early English ballads. Indeed, it is to be observed that the simplicity of Mr. Chesterton and the other two poets named is often of a more extreme degree than that of the natural ballad. Mr. Chesterton himself has exhausted the paradoxes which belong to the discussion of the simplicity which may be a part of natural artificiality, and of the artificiality which often belongs to studied simplicity. The following lines

which describe the appearance of the Virgin belong to the second class:—

Her face was like an open word
When brave men speak and choose,
The very colors of her coat
Were better than good news.

This question of simplicity goes deeper than form and becomes one of the most important aspects of Mr. Chesterton's philosophy. For instance the author ascribes to Alfred

That ancient innocence
Which is more than mastery.

And Alfred's final power to conquer his apparently insurmountable fate is declared due to the fact that —

He was least distant from the child
Piling stones all day.

If Mr. Chesterton's philosophy of what we may call the Doctrine of Simplicity should go no farther than this it would be hard to find a dissenting voice to so fine a truth so cogently delivered, but his Doctrine of Simplicity does go much farther, and into far more questionable regions. For in the author's opinion the cure of all modern ills is a very simple one; namely, the return to the simple creed of the mediæval world. And a very charming world this is as Mr. Chesterton depicts it, like —

a little book
Full of a hundred tales,
Like the gilt pages the good monks pen,
That is all smaller than a wren,
Yet hath high towers, meteors, and men
And suns and spouting whales.

It is not only a charming world. It is one which, historically considered, is full of enthusiasm and inspiration, where noble boys ride forth to the wars of God with songs on their lips and passionate affirmation in their hearts. How untidy, how unbalanced, how unpicturesque looks the modern world in contrast! And yet how much more real!

One of Mr. Chesterton's earlier essays dealt with William Morris. After high praise for what Morris had done, the essayist regretted what he could not do — love this ugly modern

world, and because he loved it, improve it. We find the same fault with the author of "The Ballad of the White Horse." And we find fault that because of the lack of sympathy with his own time the author unfairly makes Alfred prophesy about it with the same lack of sympathy. For Alfred apparently sees in all thinkers of modern thought a return of the heathenism of the Danes:—

They shall not come with war-ships,
They shall not waste with brands
But books be all their eating,
And ink be on their hands.

And again:—

By God and man dishonoured,
By death and life made vain,
Know ye the old barbarian,
The barbarian come again.

The whole case with Mr. Chesterton can be put into the simple question: Is the religion of the future to resume the form and character of that of the Middle Ages? Are the changed cosmology and cosmography which have arisen since then to be utterly denied or else ignored in a way which is equivalent to a denial? The problem of the future is to preserve the spiritual fervor and force, passionate though directed, which marked the best of mediæval religion, but to preserve it without the prostitution of reason. Mr. Chesterton is a good fighter, and the pity and the complexity of it all is that he is half right—right in the half of the truth that sees that life without courageous enthusiasm for religion and a passionate assurance of its unprovable truth is but a poor thing. And yet because he binds himself in the obsolete armor of the past Mr. Chesterton's blows lose one half their power. Were Alfred alive to-day he would see this, and as he charged at Ashdown while his brother still remained praying in his tent, and as he fought in and for England while his father fled for comfort to the Church in Rome, so now he would fight the fight of to-day, knowing that—

God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

L. WARDLAW MILES.

THE SILVER AGE. A Dramatic Poem by Arthur E. J. Legge. London: John Lane, the Bodley Head. New York: John Lane Company. 1911.

The most obvious comment to be made concerning *The Silver Age* is that it lacks many of the elements essential to either a great drama or a great poem. It is dramatic only in form; quite apart from the question of unities, it is in large measure devoid of the twofold interest of character and action that we expect in even the simplest narrative. The leading characters are frankly types rather than individuals and thereby lose in personal appeal. Moreover, they are not as a rule admirable types; however much we may respect them as theorists, reformers, or seekers after truth, they do not win our unreserved sympathy or complete moral approbation. Such action as the poem possesses is spasmodic rather than sustained, and one cannot help imagining, closet drama though this is, how an audience would yawn were actors to attempt to interest them in such "dust of exposition." Indeed, it is the large predominance of this expository element that makes *The Silver Age* essentially unpoetical. Its theme as propounded by Goodwin is: How can this present Silver Age be made an age of Gold? The answers are varied. Gwendolen is an ardent advocate of feminine domination in the affairs of life; Aubrey believes in a more complete democracy; Arval advocates the destruction of existing conditions and beliefs and an application to the race of the principle of selection of the fittest; Clare presents the vision of an ideal socialism; while Jube emphasizes the burning socialistic hatred of wealth, aristocracy, and class-government. It is Vane, the Minor Prophet, whose philosophy of life is first presented, is kept constantly before us, and is made in the end to triumph gloriously. He himself finds difficulty in formulating his belief; he says,—

I hold that we
Are masters of our fortune, and inhabit,
Beyond all time, the eternal age of Gold,
Have we but courage.

Later we learn that this courage involves such ideals as individual responsibility, unshaken fidelity to the cause of truth, disregard of worldly success, unbounded human sympathy, and, as the key-note, unhesitating sacrifice of self. Now the battle of

these conflicting theories with one another and with the world has a decided intellectual interest but surely the *sermo pedestris* is best fitted to present it; the pennons of poetry seem hopelessly weighted down by this expository burden.

Yet, despite these obvious limitations, *The Silver Age* brings intellectual pleasure to the reader and wins from him no little admiration. On the whole, the blank verse is polished and stately, and passage after passage is characterized by a wonderful aptness of phrase. In Miriam, the seeker after truth, one feels a real personal interest, apart from interest in the type, and this feeling is greatly intensified by the fact that she is a seeker for love as well as truth. The last scene of the poem is indeed masterly; here Miriam finds the love of Vane and learns the truth of self-sacrifice, here Vane loses his life in the practice of his doctrine, and here Miriam dismisses us with words that typify the major intellectual and minor emotional appeals of the poem.

Leave him and me to silence for a while!
If great love win prerogative, I claim
Possession here. He gave me partnership
In a deep secret, I shall tell the world,
Till its deaf ears be opened, and it break
Chains that now throttle it. But my heart must pay
Tribute of all remaining earthly dreams,
Before I journey on. So pardon me!

(Godwin and Aubrey move slowly away, while she crouches on the ground beside the body of Vane.)

C. M. NEWMAN.

THE TRINITY. By the Rev. Francis J. Hall, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green, & Company.

This volume, the fourth in Dr. Hall's valuable series, "Dogmatic Theology," is an attempt to present in systematic form the fundamental Christian belief touching the Divine 'tri-personality.' The author's strength lies in the clearness and logical sequence of his thought, and in his power of systematizing; yet in this very process of systematizing, as it seems to us, something is sacrificed. The danger is that certain phases of truth which were developed in a long and gradual process of theological evolution be either overlooked or else inadequately

presented. In his endeavors to harmonize the statements of writers of different periods and of differing theological environment and traditions, who, moreover, did not all speak the same mother-tongue, we fear that Dr. Hall has sometimes put an undue strain upon their language. To the Greek word 'homoousios,' which is rendered in the English version of the Nicene Creed by the phrase 'of one substance' with the Father, we fear that he has not given a quite accurate interpretation, or one which is historically quite correct. Again, as to the much-debated conception of 'personality', we doubt whether Dr. Hall has not carried the process of harmonizing rather too far. He says that "the notion of 'person' held by the ancient Fathers cannot be shown to have any fuller positive content than Self — the subject of a rational nature," (p. 183). But did not the word 'hypostasis' as used by St. Basil and St. Gregory of Nyssa, as well as by many others before them, connote a fuller and more accurate notion than that of simple selfhood? In fact, the author's treatment of the whole subject conveys the impression that he is more at home in the atmosphere of Western scholasticism than in that of the Greek theology. For example, he says (on p. 185): "The whole direction of patristic thought forbids the notion that Christ's person is a totality made up of the two natures," . . . (i.e., the Divine and the human). Has Dr. Hall overlooked the statement of St. John Damascene, that great schoolman of the Greek Church, "The hypostasis of the Logos, formerly simple, became composite out of two perfect natures σύνθετον ἐκ δύο τελείων φύσεων?"¹

But from criticism we gladly turn to the more congenial task of commendation. Dr. Hall gives a clear-cut definition of personality (on p. 99): "The term person signifies the indivisible self of a rational nature, as distinguished from the natural attributes and functions which this self possesses, and by means of which it is manifested." The expression "three selves," first introduced into Trinitarian terminology (so far as we are aware) by Dr. Hall, and intended to express the threefoldness in the Divine Being, seems a distinctly fortunate one, avoiding as it

¹ Quoted by Ottley, *Doctrine of the Incarnation*, vol. ii., p. 140.

does any suggestion of division or partition of the individual Divine Essence, such as might be conveyed by the stronger and more accurate phrase "three selves."

It is impossible in a brief review to do more than merely call attention to the breadth and firmness of handling as well as the wealth of close-packed material which characterize this book. In a period of criticism and of questioning like that in which we live, such a piece of theological work, analytical and discriminating, and at the same time compact, well-knit and well-rounded, is a substantial achievement. A clear and condensed treatment of a profound and highly important subject is certainly a valuable thing. In this volume Professor Hall has accomplished something that was well worth his effort; he has made a distinct contribution to the theological literature which deals with the Holy Trinity.

WM. S. BISHOP.

NARRATIVE LYRICS. By Edward Lucas White. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1908. \$1.25 net.

As might be inferred from the title, an attempt is made in these poems to take some one simple incident and without sacrificing narrative interest, to tell it with such compression of detail as to give it lyric intensity and emotional unity. Though the effect is at times dramatic rather than lyric, Mr. White has achieved notable success and has produced poems characterized by boldness and vividness of conception and by clearness, vigor, variety, and simple beauty of style. Mr. White's chief sources of inspiration are the Bible and Herodotus. The subjects are well chosen and well adapted to poetic treatment; they exhibit no little variety, and are all characteristic of a scholar and of a man of taste and refinement.

In metre, too, there is an even more surprising variety. In the rhymed pentameter couplet, which is handled with great freedom, there are written two entire poems and two parts of another; there are two poems in blank verse (in one of which the first foot in each line is incomplete, with regular omission of the unaccented syllable, giving a trochaic beginning); there are two in trochaic pentameter unrhymed; two parts of a poem in anapestic pentameter unrhymed; one in

anapestic hexameter unrhymed; and one in anapestic hexameter rhymed.

In stanza form there are nine poems, representing the following types: 8-line, rhyming abab⁴cd⁴cd; 8-line, rhyming abab⁴cd⁴cd; 7-line, rhyming abab⁴cc⁴b; 6-line, rhyming aac⁴bbb; 6-line, rhyming abc⁴abc; 5-line, blank verse divided into stanzas of five lines each; 4-line, rhyming abab; 3-line,—terza rima.

All these metrical forms, some of them very difficult, are handled with ease and naturalness. There is no straining after effect, no artificiality, no harsh inversion, no violence done to idiom or to grammar. Yet, on the other hand, there is call for severe stricture on the unusual number of defective lines, which seem all the more surprising in view of Mr. White's mastery of metre. A list containing no less than seventeen corrections in the text has been furnished me by a friend, who received them from the author himself. Some of the changes are corrections of obvious misprints; others are made for the sake of improving the rhythm. In addition to these I have noted several prosaic or halting lines; as for example: p. 3, Is under it where it hangs in the dark; p. 44, Every sword and spear was before noon; p. 121, Alas, two long years have gone past.

Whether due to careless proof-reading or to insufficient attention to the details of his verse, such lapses make a serious blemish in verse which otherwise is remarkable for its classic restraint and finished form.

THE PURCHASING POWER OF MONEY: Its Determination and Relation to Credit, Interest and Crises. By Irving Fisher, assisted by Harry G. Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company. pp. xxii+505. 1911.

As is well known, the author of this book is one of the foremost exponents of the theory that the rising price of commodities is primarily the result of the world's increasing gold supply. He has published a number of articles dealing with the relation between the gold supply and commodity prices and has suggested the possibility of adjusting the rate of interest so as to *regulate* the changes in the price level. In the present work

Dr. Fisher has undertaken at greater length to set forth the principles which determine the purchasing power of money and to suggest definite remedies for *lessening* the changes in the level of prices. He aptly illustrates the relation between money and prices by means of the equation of exchange, $M V + M^1 V^1 = P T$, in which M is the volume of money and V its velocity of circulation; M^1 the bank deposits subject to check and V^1 their velocity of circulation; P the level of prices and T the volume of trade. It is contended that *normally* a definite relationship is maintained between M and M^1 , and that V , V^1 and T are independent of changes in M . The conclusion, then, is that any change in the volume of money must *normally* affect the deposits subject to check in the same ratio, will *not* affect the velocities of circulation nor the volume of trade, and, therefore, must cause a change in the level of prices proportional to the change in the volume of money. By a slight modification of the equation it will be seen that the relation is thus established between money and purchasing power, or the reciprocal of the level of prices.

The larger part of the book is devoted to a very clear and logical elaboration of this equation, followed by a discussion of the necessity of an index of purchasing power, and a "statistical verification," or historical review of price movements, in support of the contentions of the book. After presenting in an effective way the different proposed solutions of the monetary problem and their failure, the author sets forth a tentative plan for the control of the level of prices; viz., the adoption of the tabular standard in combination with the gold exchange standard, thereby effectively controlling the purchasing power of money.

Objections will undoubtedly be made to many points in the book: to the practicability of the scheme; to some of the definitions in the first chapter; to the all-important rôle assigned to the quantity of money as a determinant of price; to the assumption that other factors in the equation V , V^1 and T are largely negligible except during "transition periods." The main contentions of the book, it will be seen, are simply a restatement of the old "quantity theory." But the revision of that theory has been so effective as to place the work among the strongest

forces of the years tending to encourage scientific study in economics and conservative action in politics toward the settlement of a question, not merely of academic, but of universal interest, the problem of monetary stability and the control of the varying purchasing power of money.

R. GRANVILLE CAMPBELL.

THE REASON OF LIFE. By William P. DuBose, S.T.D. New York: Longmans, Green, and Company. Crown 8vo. 274 pp.

Dr. DuBose could say of himself, "I am for men," as truly as did Henry George. In every one of his books he is the champion of the human spirit, of the rights of human reason, of the sacredness of human freedom. The Gospel according to William P. DuBose is the good news of a reasonable religion, of a salvation that challenges mankind's highest aspirations of growth and achievement.

In the *Reason of Life* the author takes St. John as his text, finding implicit in the prologue of the Gospel a philosophy of the universe. To St. John, the Gospel was the Word of Life, and that Word was the Incarnate God. The reason of life is God, who is Love, who created life that it might become object of His love and grace. The reason of life is Christ, who is our life, and the life of God in us. The reason of life is humanity, called to be sons of God that it might share in the life of God. As to St. Paul salvation was righteousness, so to St. John salvation was life.

Throughout this work, the author sounds again and again the note of the human. The life of God is in us, not apart from ourselves, but in our own faith, reason, will. The salvation of Jesus Christ was accomplished for us that we might accomplish it in ourselves. In Him, life, resurrection, victory, were not only God's work, but humanity's achievement; God saving through grace, man achieving salvation through faith and obedience. The salvation that God gives and that we win in Christ is not magical, in contravention of Nature, or foreign to human aspirations, hopes, and ideals; it is the fulness of life.

Some readers will find most illuminating the interpretation of the Holy Spirit in this volume. Here again the human note is

sounded. The Holy Spirit is the Spirit of Man, as well as the Spirit of God. Life is through Word and Spirit; the Word is God speaking to us, while the Spirit is God in us.

This work almost completes Dr. DuBose's series of New Testament interpretations which, all together, form an epoch-making contribution to the philosophy of Christianity.

GARDINER L. TUCKER.

THE PARTING OF THE ROADS. Studies in the development of Judaism and early Christianity. By members of Jesus College, Cambridge, with an introduction by W. R. Inge, D.D. Edited by F. J. Foakes Jackson, D.D., Fellow and Dean of the College. New York: Longman's, Green, and Co. 347 pp. \$3.00 net.

The titles of the various chapters in this volume; "How the Old Testament came into Being," "Judaism in the Days of Christ," "The Johannine Theology," "The Breach between Judaism and Christianity," etc., indicate the scope of this interesting and valuable collection of Bible studies. The essays trace the epic of the Bible as a book, starting with reforms of Ezekiel and the Babylonian exile as the external conditions that brought about the editing of the Old Testament writings. The conflict of Hellenic and Judaic ideals is portrayed, with their influence upon the New Testament writings, and the history of those times. The conflict of Judaism and Christianity, the "parting of the roads" that they took, the final contributions of St. John, and the historical background of his Gospel and epistles, are treated with considerable originality and in admirable style.

The book will make a very interesting compendium of interpretations, from the standpoint of conservative historical criticism of the Bible as a book growing out of historical situations, actual needs, hopes, and aspirations.

GARDINER L. TUCKER.